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THE LUCKY DEMOCRATS
Carey McWilliams

Body Count: The Degrading Illusion
Lucian K. Truscott III

On Not Becoming Revolutionary
Raymond Gozzi, Jr.

After Polaris: Blue Water Boondoggle
Steve d'Arazien

ANARCHISM REVIVED
Left, Right and All Around
Kingsley Widmer

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EDITORIALS

The Anatomy of San Jose

A great deal of reporting has been done about the assault on President Nixon at San Jose, and on the whole it adds up. In the briefest terms, both the screaming protesters and the President disgraced themselves.

The disorder was not planned by the Presidential entourage. One must make that statement because Mr. Nixon, following his own impulses or those of professional directors, comes closer to being a TV actor than do either Governor Reagan or Senator Murphy, both of whom appeared before movie cameras for many years. In "The Three Strategies of a Master Politician" (*New York Times Magazine,* November 1) Robert B. Semple, Jr., tells what Dan Schorr of CBS saw several days before Nixon was due to arrive in Kumvrovec, Tito's birthplace. Nixon's advance men were busy arranging TV coverage of an "impromptu" episode in which the President would stop his car, jump out and buy American-made ice cream at a roadside stand. The lesson is clear, Semple concludes: "The Nixon people never overlook a good picture." The ice-cream incident was harmless, but a President who will lend himself to such antics may, in a desperate quest for votes, also lend himself to malign schemes.

Which, in fact, Nixon was doing prior to the San Jose brawl. It is established that a calculated number of protesters and demonstrators were admitted to the back of the halls in which he held his rallies. When they started their disruptive actions, the President would proceed to dress them down. He had the microphone; the audience could hear and applaud what he said. The rejoinders of the protesters were inaudible to most of the audience. This technique of baiting the baiters was used in the 1968 campaign by George Wallace, and Mr. Nixon has adopted it. The lights are kept on the protesters, to especially good effect when they are unkempt and wild-eyed, while Mr. Nixon gives them hell. In one case the technique misfired. The front of the hall was packed with a Presidential claque, and the TV cameras and lights were turned on these clean, well-scrubbed, eager faces, while Mr. Nixon was giving a tongue-lashing to the rowdies in the back.

At San Jose the mob was not organized by Nixon's operators, but once it was on hand the President exploited it. He had been building up to something of the sort. At Burlington, Vt., two or three rocks had been tossed in his direction. Ronald Ziegler picked them up and exhibited them to the newsmen (like moon trophies), and the President kept referring to this ordeal in subsequent speeches. At San Jose the situation was actually dangerous, although according to many eyewitness accounts much less so than was later made to appear. But whatever the degree of danger, the President, once he had issued from the hall, should have been got out of there as fast as possible. Instead, he conferred with the Secret Service men, jumped on the hood of his limousine, and stayed there, a perfect target, for at least two minutes, making the double V-sign. He was overheard to say through his teeth when he jumped down, "That is what they hate most."

This provocation was planned, in the sense that Mr. Nixon saw the opportunity and seized it. The San Jose police chief and the commissioner, and presumably the Secret Service detail as well, must have disapproved; but no one can give the President orders in a situation like that. "We didn't appreciate this," explained San Jose police Capt. Lewis Haller, "and I doubt if the Secret Service appreciated it. But the Secret Service explained to us before we started that this is a political year and if he [the President] sees something he thinks will get votes, he'll stop. If he saw a little old lady on a crosswalk and decided to get some publicity, he'd stop, they said." It is a perfect description of the Nixon tactic.

Thus San Jose gave him the opening for his subsequent "get tough" speech, which was, fortunately, marred by a distorted sound track. San Jose gave Agnew the opening for his "sweep that kind of garbage out of our society." Where do we sweep it—into concentration camps?

There is reason to believe, also, that the San Jose confrontation was over-reported. According to the correspondent of *The Washington Post,* only one of three top police officials remembered seeing any rocks or stones thrown. Captain Haller saw missiles, but said they consisted of windshield wipers torn from parked cars, some broken glass, a gearshift lever and eggs, but no rocks or stones. Some reporters—*The Washington Post* mentions Tom DeVries of KQED-TV of San Francisco and Jim Kilpatrick of CBS in Los Angeles—left the scene thinking they had witnessed only a minor incident.

What are we to make of a President who bids for votes and publicity in this fashion? What is the prognosis? John V. Lindsay tagged it accurately. The Nixon-Agnew idea, he said, was to push us "toward the construction of a single-minded state—frozen in its ways, imprisoned by its prejudices, and unable to cope with, or even discuss, the real threats to survival: war, economic decline and social disintegration. When the President and his lieutenant tell us to be afraid, when they pretend that respected candidates commend violence—as though Weathermen were running the election—then they are deserting the principles of both country and party."

The decent people in both parties now know, if they did not know before, what to expect in 1972.

The Unequal Duel

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, more particularly the Subcommittee on United States Security Agreements and Commitments Abroad, chaired by Senator Symington, continues to cross swords with the Administration and sometimes manages to score a hit, but only after exhausting exertion. It is the same contest that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee fought with the Johnson administration. Bit by bit, a minimal amount of information is pried loose, but not only is it a tough fight for the committee but the information, when finally obtained, is also long out of date. The Executive's power to classify documents, and in general to operate in secret, is a constant frustration. (See "Any Port in a Showdown" by Lawrence Fernsworth, p. 489.)

The current obfuscations are over Morocco, Libya and Ethiopia. President Eisenhower agreed in 1959 that all U.S. bases and forces were to be removed from Morocco in 1963, but this agreement was evidently made mainly

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for publicity purposes and as justification for building the large U.S. naval base at Rota, Spain. In any case, 1,700 American military personnel were left in Morocco, ostensibly as "instructors," together with an equal number of civilians. Now Senate investigators have finally uncovered the fact that the United States is operating a large base complex at Kenitra in Morocco. In 1963, legal control was transferred to the Moroccans, enabling both the American and Moroccan military to assert that no U.S. bases exist there.

Another justification for our continued presence in Morocco was to "preclude Moroccan dependence upon the Soviet Union." However, the Soviets got in anyway, the Moroccans seeing no reason why they should not have two rich uncles. David D. Newsom, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, testified that since 1956, when Morocco gained its independence from France, the United States has supplied Morocco with $660 million in military and economic aid. Newsom maintains, however, that "we have no commitment to Morocco to assist in the event of any attack." Symington comments: "What we have done again is to get ourselves involved in a country where we are half in and half out, and the Soviet Union is half in and half out," with obvious potentialities for mischief.

It must not be thought that information of this type, however belated, is extracted easily or completely. According to John W. Finney of *The New York Times*, a typical piece of testimony reads thus:

> *Senator Fulbright*: Why do you think the Moroccan Government agreed to let us stay in Morocco (deleted). Is there any other reason that you have given?
>
> *Mr. Newsom*: (Deleted.)

Consequently the American public, which is footing the bills and taking the risk of further involvement, knows no more than it knew before.

The Symington committee is also worried about our interests in Libya, where twenty American oil companies are operating investments with a market value of several billion dollars. Newsom was asked if, under existing conditions, oil operations in Libya might not be precarious. For one thing, Libya is an important financial supporter of Egypt. The Administration's hope appears to be that Egypt wishes the Libyan goose to continue to lay golden eggs, which it may indeed do. But suppose the Soviet Union should offer to buy the oil? Libyans just might nationalize the plants and oust our interests, as they ousted us from Wheelus Air Force Base last year.

Ethiopia is engaged in a border dispute with Somalia. There also, according to Mr. Newsom's testimony, we have a major Army and Navy communications center where 3,200 Americans, including dependents, are stationed. Mainly to retain this facility, we have provided Ethiopia with $147 million in military aid since 1953. Our current contribution, while modest—$12 million annually in military aid—is two-thirds of the total American military aid in all of Africa. Symington was assured by Newsom that we have no security commitment to Ethiopia—but Russia is supplying arms to Somalia.

All this is partly current but mostly history. Money is spent, arrangements are made, before the Congress can

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learn much about it, and the public is left entirely in the dark until inquisitive Senators like Fulbright and Symington manage to extract a few bits of data from a reluctant witness. What is going on now one can only guess at. For instance, the United States is committed to replace all of King Hussein's losses in the recent civil war, and to continue a program of military aid. The Arab states, with the exception of Saudi Arabia, have never been generous with the Jordanian Government, and they are even less so now. Even the Saudis are complaining of the burden, so it looks as if most, if not all, of the load will fall on Uncle Sam's taxpayers, without their even knowing it.

The Name of the Game

Even as Americans went to the polls, many if not most under the impression that the war in South Vietnam was winding down, actions and developments in that unhappy land indicated that while the fighting might be less, the political struggle was more intense.

One clue is that, according to one of his advisers, Big Minh thinks of turning his attention from playing tennis and watering his flowers—he just might run for Thieu's job. Then there is the courageous statement by a Saigon political leader, Ngo Cong Duc (published in *The New York Review,* November 5) to the effect that an overwhelming majority of non-Communist South Vietnamese prefer an accommodation with the NLF to continuation of the war and the Thieu-Ky regime. This comes on top of the CIA finding that the South Vietnamese government is infiltrated with enemy agents. Thieu has so far refrained from taking action against Ngo Cong Duc, and all the White House has said about the CIA evaluation is that it is "overly pessimistic." At the same time, while Ngo Cong Duc has not been touched, political repression against lesser critics continues in Saigon.

All this, and more, may indicate that major political changes are impending. Thieu's blustering along his usual line—no coalition, no compromise, victory is in sight—may be another sign. And in Paris, as in Saigon, coming events may be casting their shadows. Mark Frankland of the London *Observer,* a first-rate analyst, writes that the one issue of the Vietnamese War is today what it always has been: who is to rule in South Vietnam, the Vietcong or the anti-Communists?

Theodore Kheel, a negotiator of unusual talent, came back from Paris with the same conclusion: "The name of the game is: who is going to run South Vietnam?" Kheel explains why neither party can be expected to accept a form of settlement that would insure its defeat. If the Reds' plan is accepted, they will win the election. If the Nixon-Thieu proposals are adopted, they will be in a position to rig the election and win it. Somehow, the American people, or most of them, have never succeeded in getting this elementary proposition straight. What Johnson, Nixon, et al., have said sounds reasonable to the uninformed and, as Raymond Clapper said, never underestimate the intelligence of the American people—and never overestimate their information. The second part of the aphorism is even more timely today, when people are inundated with communications that do not inform.

If a negotiated settlement is to be reached, it must be based on compromise as to political control among the contending forces. If that is not possible, there will be no settlement. But the war is not going to continue through all eternity; in fact, its time may be running out. It can end only with a political overturn in Saigon, and the sooner the better.

The Drug Threat in Business

Everyone is familiar with the difficulties the business world experiences with liquor, but until the New York Chamber of Commerce published its 64-page pamphlet on "Drug Abuse as a Business Problem" in July of this year, few were aware that suddenly—within the past two years—management has become almost as worried about narcotic and hallucinogenic drugs. The Chamber engaged Carol Kurtis of the Research Institute of America to do the research, write the study and formulate guidelines for policy.

The problem evinces itself by sharp increases in absenteeism, turnover, inefficiency and theft. Employees at all levels are affected, and unless effective remedial measures can be applied, the prospect is for greater trouble. Among fifty New York companies, large and small and dealing in a variety of products and services, a majority expected to uncover in 1970 three times as many addicts in their work forces as they had spotted in 1969—and this despite tighter screening procedures. Even at present levels, many companies reported that work performance is down; one company estimated a 20 per cent drop in performance attributable to drug abuse.

A single humorous note appears in this grim picture. At a recent company dinner of a major publications corporation, a group of young executives at one table all smoked marijuana during the after-dinner speeches. "Whether that was the fault of the speakers," the writer comments, "or of a drug-oriented society, becomes academic when one considers the possible damage to the company's image."

This will hardly worry social critics who feel that corporations in general have paid too much attention to their images and not enough to the quality of their products and the effect of their activities on the environment, but in "sensitive" industries, such as airlines, banks and manufacturing plants, addiction poses serious risks to the company, to other employees and to customers. While an airline pilot is not likely to become a heroin addict, what about the mechanic responsible for maintenance? Nor is the problem confined to "hard" drugs. In some work situations, an insomniac who becomes increasingly dependent on barbiturates may present a hazard.

Narcotic drug addiction (heroin mainly) is to be distinguished from alcoholism, with which some companies have reported high rehabilitation rates (60 to 75 per cent). The drug addict has a higher relapse rate, is more likely to spread his habit to other employees (one company found marijuana circulating in the interoffice mail) and, unlike the alcoholic, often steals to maintain his habit. The Chamber's pamphlet is a valuable compendium for businessmen and others interested in the drug problem. The question it does not purport to answer is why our culture is becoming drug-oriented.

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The Nation Congratulates

On November 8, Community Church of Boston observed its fiftieth anniversary. Under the leadership of Rev. Donald G. Lothrop and his wife, Community Church has maintained a record for free speech that has been wholly admirable, courageous and consistent. It was one of the few forums that even during the worst phases of McCarthyism refused to appease the demagogues and witch hunters.

Appropriately, the speakers scheduled for November 8 included Dr. Scott Nearing, who has appeared on the church's forum program once a year since it was established in 1920. Nearing is currently enjoying a remarkable resurrection or "second life." At the outset of his career he was condemned to eternal damnation by the Establishment of the time. From a fine profile in the Boston *Sunday Globe* (November 1), we have lifted some facts about his career. During the two decades that began in 1910, he lost four academic jobs in rapid succession, was excluded from the lecture platform, and thrust out of the magazine field. His textbooks were removed from schools. He got himself indicted for writing a pamphlet, "The Great Madness," which opposed this country's intervention in World War I. Acquitted, he was blacklisted by the academic world and by the media. When in 1915 he was fired from his post as an assistant professor of economics by the University of Pennsylvania, some twenty young professors—one was R. G. Tugwell—quit in protest. That is probably a record, then and since, for solidarity in the groves of academe.

Quite undaunted, Scott and Helen Nearing began to cultivate what today would be called a new life style, that is, subsistence farming, first in Vermont—until the ski boom threatened to engulf them—and more recently in Maine. Both are vegetarians and organic gardeners, very good gardeners indeed. *Maple Sugar Book* is a classic of bucolic American literature and *Living the Good Life* is a primer for subsistence farmers. Over the years, Nearing has published some fifty books, often in collaboration with his wife. At 87, he is hale, healthy, productive, exuberant, and verging on a new visibility, popularity and prosperity. This spring the University of Pennsylvania will publish his autobiography, *The Making of a Radical,* perhaps by way of acknowledging that it did him and American scholarship a serious injustice fifty-five years ago. The current interest in alternative styles of life has no doubt stimulated this renewed interest in the Nearings. They have recently been discovered by *Newsweek* and CBS, in addition to the *Globe*. Whether they know it or not, they are by way of becoming an "in" couple. Even Nearing's economic heresies are, fifty years later, tenable if not yet acceptable.

To the Nearings and Community Church, *The Nation* extends its congratulations. May their collaboration continue.

THE LUCKY DEMOCRATS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

The Democrats were seriously handicapped throughout Campaign '70. A few adverse factors:

¶The Republicans outspent them by a fantastic ratio. Five GOP committees raised and spent $11 million—a record party expenditure in an off-year election. Burdened by a $9 million deficit, the Democratic National Committee fell far short of raising an adequate war chest. Some Democrats were better financed than others, but the party itself suffered from a lack of funds.

¶The mass media favored the Republicans. The words and actions of the President and Vice President were overreported; Democratic rejoinders and activities were minimized. Then, too, spokesmen for the media have themselves conceded that Agnew's intimidation of the networks and a section of the press was to some extent effective.

¶The President personally laid out the GOP campaign; he did it well in advance, raised the necessary funds, recruited candidates, and saw to it that "the game plan" was followed to the letter. Nationally, the Democrats were leaderless; their reflexes were limp; they were kept constantly on the defensive. Lawrence O'Brien finally managed to straighten out some of the difficulties in the National Committee, but he still lacked funds and a strong, unified national leadership. A key issue in the campaign—the tactics of Nixon and Agnew—went begging until an excellent statement by Republican Mayor Lindsay showed the Democrats how to counter the slander. It was then raised by Senator Muskie (Averell Harriman guaranteeing payment for air time) on election eve.

In the key states of California and New York, the Democratic organizations were in shambles. Jess Unruh, with a poverty budget, ran the right kind of campaign and did much better than the pundits' forecasts predicted —as *The Nation* said he might. His presence in the campaign helped to win for the Democrats control of both houses of the state legislature; they will be in charge of the reapportionment that gives California five new seats in Congress. A more effective candidate than Unruh, with better party organization, might have beaten Governor Reagan. Crippled though it was, the Democratic Party managed to send John Tunney to the Senate by a 600,000-vote margin. In New York, the Democrats nominated for governor a fine man but a wretched campaigner, and Basil Paterson, their excellent candidate for lieutenant governor, could not offset Mr. Goldberg's liabilities. The state ticket listed four Jewish candidates, all from the New York City area. The Democrats had an excellent chance to defeat Governor Rockefeller and to elect a Senator; failure to gain either objective was largely the fault of the party.

Yet despite these and related handicaps, the Democrats managed to withstand a strenuous and very expensive

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Republican offensive; indeed, on balance, they improved their position. They were the beneficiaries, in no small measure, of raw good luck. In Texas, Senator Yarborough's defeat in the primaries allowed Lloyd Bentsen to win the election; George Bush, the Republican, would probably have beaten Yarborough. Corruption on the part of Republican officials gave the Democrats an opening in Ohio. In Michigan, the GOP failed to nominate Rep. Donald Riegle for the Senate, naming Mrs. Romney instead, and thereby handed the election to Senator Hart. In Illinois, the Republicans started their slanderous TV spot commercials too soon and continued them too long, and a backlash developed. Here and there, the Democrats were blessed with good candidates—John J. Gilligan in Ohio, Milton Shapp in Pennsylvania. In Florida, two unknowns, Lawton Chiles and Reubin Askew, came out of the swamps and boondocks to lead the party to victory. No planning there—just plain luck.

The Democrats were also lucky that Nixon, Agnew, Chotiner and the others overplayed their hand. Wisconsin illustrates what went wrong with the Republican master plan. The home state of the late Joe McCarthy was thought excellent terrain on which to test the politics of fear and slander. First, Agnew performed in Beloit and Milwaukee. Then the President, a football buff, horned in on the ceremonies honoring Bart Starr at Green Bay. The effect was to involve the Packers in a maze of publicity and internal difficulties; many fans and some players resented the intrusion. Wisconsin voters were also offended by the attempt to revive McCarthy's methods. Not only did Senator Proxmire sweep the state—with about 71 per cent of the vote; he carried every county, and ran up perhaps the largest percentage victory in Wisconsin's history—but he also carried Patrick J. Lucey, the gubernatorial nominee, into office. The Democrats swept the lower house of the state legislature, electing 65 of 100 members and winning the office of state treasurer; that was an unprecedented victory. In Dane County, Rep. Robert Kastenmeier, wickedly slandered during the campaign, was re-elected by a 2-to-1 margin. The Republican strategists ran full-page ads in Wisconsin papers, showing photographs of the university's Sterling Hall strewn with rubble and broken glass. A caption urged a vote against "liberal Democrats." The backlash was predictable.

In more than one district, Nixon helped the Democrats by inducing incumbent Republican Congressmen, assured of re-election, to seek higher office. In Wyoming, Teno Roncalio was elected to the seat which John Wold vacated to run against Senator McGee. In Utah, K. Gunn McKay won the seat formerly held by Rep. Laurence J. Burton, who was persuaded by Nixon to oppose Sen. Frank Moss. In North Dakota, Rep. Thomas S. Kleppe was flattered into running against Sen. Quentin Burdick, who was re-elected by a wide margin; in the process, the Democrats managed to pick up a seat in Congress. Rep. William C. Cramer of Florida, a consistently reactionary member of Congress with considerable seniority and power, was also induced to make an unsuccessful bid for the Senate and has now been eliminated from the House for at least two years. The same fate engulfed Rep. Albert William Watson of South Carolina, who made a futile bid for the governorship at the prompting of Senator Thurmond and the President. In South Dakota, where the Republicans made Senator McGovern's influence a main issue, the Democrats captured the governorship and both Congressional seats. Senator McGovern campaigned hard for the winners and was a major fund raiser for them.

Considering the broke, down-and-out, leaderless, disorganized, cowering posture with which the Democrats opened the campaign, they did surprisingly well. Control of the Senate and House gives them the power, if they will use it, to shape the issues for 1972. Capture of governorships in the key states of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Florida, and also in Nebraska, South Dakota, New Mexico, Idaho (for the first time since 1944), Nevada and Oklahoma, is a major strategic gain. A Statehouse is a base of power. The Nixon-Agnew exaggeration and overinsistence on the so-called "social issues" —pornography, drugs, permissiveness, crime, etc.—has in effect blown these issues out of the 1972 campaign. That garrulous guru, Richard Scammon (see Jack Newfield's article, *The Nation*, October 12), has already begun to have second thoughts about "the silent majority." Voters are, of course, concerned about the easily dramatized "social issues," and talk about them a great deal; but more substantive questions determine their voting behavior. The returns reflect no "turn to the right." Some of the new faces in the House—the Rev. Robert Drinan (Mass.); Ronald Dellums (Calif.); Parren J. Mitchell and Paul Sarbanes (both Md.); Leslie Aspen (Wis.); Charles B. Rangel (succeeding Adam Clayton Powell in Harlem), and Herman Badillo (from a Spanish-speaking area of New York City)—will brighten the Democratic image nationally. There were, of course, losses, notably the defeat of Rep. Allard Lowenstein on Long Island; but John G. Dow, a consistent dove, was re-elected to the New York seat he lost two years ago. Democratic gains in state legislatures will also be an important factor in 1972.

The Democrats are now in a position—on paper, that is—to wage an effective campaign against Nixon in 1972. But glaring weaknesses must be overcome. The party organization must be strengthened nationally and state organizations in California, New York and other states must be revamped. Negroes and Mexican-Americans must be given more and better reasons for working within the party. The election of Parren Mitchell, a Negro, to Congress from a district of Baltimore that has strong Jewish and Irish Catholic elements, as well as the election of Milton B. Allen, a Negro, as State's attorney for that city (the first Negro to be elected to the office), is a measure of what can be done if blacks and whites are willing to cooperate. There will be twelve Negroes in the new Congress and that in itself should help to attract black support. Also, the favorable outlook for adoption of the convention reforms recommended by the McGovern commission should broaden the base of party support and participation. At the same time, the triumph of George Wallace in Alabama and the defeat of Strom Thurmond's hand-picked Republican nominee for governor in South Carolina by the moderate J. C. West, are but two of several strong indications that Nixon's Southern strategy is not working as planned.

And the Democrats have a special opportunity if they

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can be aroused to seize it. There is no future for liberal Republicans in the party of Richard Nixon. In New York, Governor Rockefeller, by embracing his enemies of former years, has made it possible for the Conservative Party raiders to capture control of the GOP organization. The Conservative Party is really not a political organization; it is a conspiracy to push the Republicans to the right. Senator-elect Buckley has quickly announced his adherence to the Republican leadership. Liberal Republicans in other states may well find themselves in the same difficulties that beset Senator Goodell.

The key consideration for the Democrats to keep in mind is that, as the returns in New York and Virginia indicate, the combined vote of liberal Republicans and Democrats is more than enough to win, but—with the current polarization—if these votes remain divided, a Buckley or a Byrd can win. In California, Wilson Riles, a Negro educator, defeated the right-wing Max Rafferty by a wide margin for the nonpartisan office of Superintendent of Public Instruction. The returns show that Riles ran extremely well in the counties in which there is a heavy concentration of liberal Republicans.

While New York was a lost opportunity for the Democrats this year, it remains as a problem for the Republicans in 1972. Buckley's victory has given the Republican Party a distinctly conservative image and has narrowed the party's appeal by, in effect, writing off Jewish, Negro and labor votes. He would not have won but for Governor Rockefeller's cynical decision to sell out his party's interests as the price of his own re-election. Between them, Ottinger and Goodell polled 60 per cent of the vote. But Rockefeller—unless, perhaps, he appears on the national ticket—cannot carry New York for Nixon in 1972. He knew exactly what he was doing when he kept Nixon out of the state and limited Agnew's appearances.

There was a time when the political situation offered enough "give" to permit liberal Republicans and liberal Democrats to contend for the same office; that day has passed. It is desirable, but not imperative, that liberal Republicans should join the Democratic Party; what is imperative is the close collaboration and strategy that come from consultation and agreement.

While the President failed to attain his stated objectives, he has set the stage for the campaign he will wage in 1972. He is the same total opportunist and the same vicious campaigner he has always been—and will ever be. But he has alerted the Democrats to the kind of campaign they can expect in 1972. The returns show that the Democrats have the human resources—the grass-roots vitality—to counter that kind of campaign, assuming strong leadership, unity, organization, a supporting record of achievement in the new Congress and a program for the future. But they have their work cut out for them. They must start preparing now, for the campaign is already under way, and the good luck which saved the day for them this year just might not hold through 1972. □

Body Count: The Degrading Illusion

LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT III

Mr. Truscott, an Army colonel recently retired, commanded an infantry company in the Korean War and an infantry battalion in Vietnam. He also served on the Army Staff in the Pentagon and on two Joint Staffs.

I suppose no one will ever know whether certain questionable techniques the Army is using in Vietnam have prolonged the war, but I seriously doubt that they have done much to shorten it. The body count is one of these serious military misconceptions.

Why, in this day of televised, living-room war—in living (or dying) color—does the Army think it must count bodies? Maybe television itself is the reason. Television and the rest of the news media. While the fighting goes on, the reporters and cameramen are on the spot; in too many cases the Army commanders and staff officers are hovering 1,000 feet above it in a helicopter. They know the films being shot on the ground will be shown on American television that evening. They also know that next day they will have to produce "proof" that what was filmed the day before really accomplished something. So, count the bodies.

The number of enemy dead has always been a statistic of war, but it has never been the sole criterion by which to determine which side was "winning." However, Vietnam is said to be a new kind of war. There are no front lines, and one never really knows who the enemy is or where he is. There are base camps, fire-support bases, patrol bases, but no hills to take, or rarely a hill to take. No grand, Pattonesque offensive sweeps; no determined Anzio or Naktong defenses. How, then, to determine whether we're "winning" or "losing"? And how to measure a unit's combat effectiveness, and incidentally, the effectiveness of its commander? Statistics. In the early days of the war, some staff officer probably came up with the idea of requiring each unit to keep meticulous and accurate count of the enemy dead and labeled it "body count." But this counting can't be either meticulous or accurate; no more than the victory can be that it supposedly represents.

Men in a military unit are a curious breed, particularly when they are in combat, most particularly when they are the infantry in combat. Regardless of how much they may dislike the job they're doing, the war itself, the country they're in, the weather, the continual fear, even their commanders, they want the "unit" to look good. They don't want to let their buddies down. While they may have absolutely no desire for personal recognition, they want the corporate body recognized. If protecting its image requires swiping a few weapons parts, or vehicle parts, or a few rations, or falsifying a few figures—or any of the numerous other tricks of the trade—they'll do it. Furthermore, in

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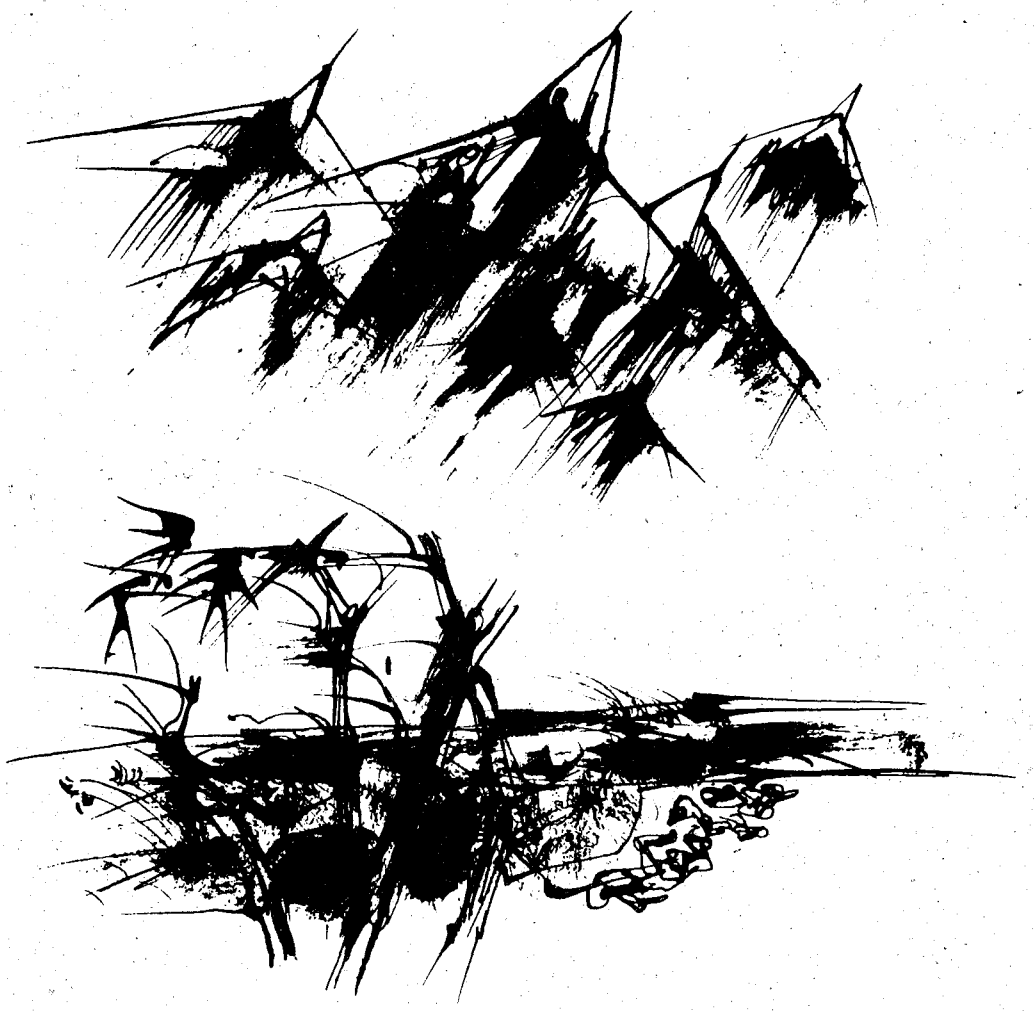
a jungle or in a rice paddy or on a mountain or on a beach, when they're being shot at and they're tired, scared, hungry, wet, cold or hot, they'll say anything they think someone wants to hear. Company commander to platoon leader: "We just got orders to get the hell out of here, Joe. Start pulling your platoon back. What's the count up there?" Platoon leader: "O.K., Sir. Four." Company commander: "Christ! Is that all! After all that shooting I heard?" Platoon leader: "Wait a minute, Sir." *Pause.* Then, "That was fourteen, not four, Sir." Company commander: "That's better. Now start moving." For all these reasons, and by the nature of this or any other war, a count of enemy dead cannot be either meticulous or accurate.

Nor is the accuracy of the count the real heart of the problem. The problem is the insidious effect that counting enemy bodies has on men. My Lai is an example. Body count alone surely wasn't the sole cause of that tragedy, but when one of the men involved is quoted as saying—"Our Captain, Captain Medina, wouldn't send me somewhere if I couldn't get a big kill count, right?"—one wonders just how much the Army's emphasis on body counts contributed to the slaughter.

Counting them turns the enemy into "gooks" instead of soldiers, living or dead. It hurts honest men and helps the dishonest. An acquaintance of mine commanded a brigade in one of the divisions in Vietnam. His and the other two brigades were operating in the same general area for about the same period of time; yet, his unit's body count was substantially and consistently lower than that of the other two units. He was told, "John [not his name], you'd better get the count up." He protested that he was reporting them as honestly as he could, as they fell, and that he didn't see how there could be much difference in the three counts, since all three units were doing basically the same thing in the same area at the same time. So he continued reporting as accurately as he could, and he was relieved of his command. I have known other officers who lost their commands, but to the best of my knowledge, he is the only one who was sent immediately back to the States, instead of being reassigned to a desk job in Saigon. He was accused at the time of worrying too much about the safety of his own men. Perhaps so, but his only warning before being relieved was to "get the count up."

We apparently haven't demoralized the Vietcong or the North Vietnamese by reporting each week how many of them have died. *They* must know the exact number of their own dead. It probably takes them a little longer than it does us to tally up the total, but eventually they must know. What effect do their figures have on our credibility, in Paris for example, if our totals are wrong? And what is the reaction if the bodies we report as being those of VC or North Vietnamese are actually civilians—



Vo-Dinh. Drawing from "The Cry of Vietnam" by Thich Nhat Hanh

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as at My Lai? I remember feeling in World War II and Korea and in Vietnam that we couldn't trust anything the Germans or Japanese or Koreans or VC said about their casualties or victories or numbers of prisoners. It was all so much propaganda, like the ridiculous figures of American casualties in Vietnam that the Chinese broadcast on shortwave radio. It never occurred to me then to doubt our reports.

There is no solution to the problem of measuring a unit's combat effectiveness in Vietnam, or of the nation's "winning" or "losing" there—no solution if we continue to use the body count as a primary criterion. It was tried in other wars, and counting must have frustrated other commanders: Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon and Lee and, good God!, Foch and Joffre—it must have frustrated them as much as it does our commanders in Vietnam today. We continue to kill them and count them, and yet they refuse to knuckle under.

The Army will probably keep the "count," such as it is, but it should do so only as a rough gauge of the pure military effectiveness of a unit—a very rough gauge. And recognize it as exactly that. Actually, it's probably a much better gauge of the fighting effectiveness of the enemy. Perhaps the Army should look at body counts *only* that way; and should measure its own overall success or failure by the degree to which the people in a village or district or province can determine their own future. After all, that's why we're there. Or is it?

In other years, in other wars, "winning" or "losing" in the battle or the war was easier to measure. We held in the defense or moved in the offense, took this hill or that town—or got fired. Not so in Vietnam. Perhaps there should be more measurement of what is built and less of what is destroyed. That might, in the long run, cause the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese to take part in some serious negotiating. They will not, however, negotiate from a position of strength, and our count of their lost bodies has apparently not yet convinced them that their position is weak.

I must recount this story—soldiers call them "war stories," and wince whenever anyone starts one, but it seems appropriate here. On a day in September 1950, early in the Korean War, I was riding in a jeep with Brig. Gen. J. S. Bradley, then Assistant Division Commander of the 2nd Infantry Division. After several almost disastrous setbacks, the Eighth Army was finally on the offensive, and the spirit of the attack had infected everyone. And "infected" is a good word here. We were crossing the Naktong River and had killed quite a few North Koreans before getting to it, and on its banks. One dead North Korean soldier lay half buried in the wet sand of the wide, flat approach to the shallow water. Short black hair glistened and blank eyes stared up at the hot September sun. We were close enough to see that he was young and that there was no visible mark on him. Suddenly a truck broke out of the column just ahead of us and drove over the half-buried corpse. I distinctly remember that I was a little surprised by the move, but felt little more. No disgust. No sadness. That was just a "gook." The infection, you know. But the General had other feelings. He prodded our driver in the ribs and we quickly overtook the truck. The General ordered the driver and several other men to dismount. His conversation was brief, to the point, and in its own way, a classic. "Bury him! He was a soldier, goddamit. And a man."

That's what these people we're fighting in Vietnam are —or were. We forget it. They were soldiers, goddamit. And men. They're not "gooks." And they're not statistics someone should use to pave his way to stars—or more stars. □

PACT WITH SPAIN

ANY PORT IN A SHOWDOWN

LAWRENCE FERNSWORTH

Mr. Fernsworth was a staff correspondent in Spain for The Times *of London during both the Republican and Civil War periods. He is the author of* Spain's Struggle for Freedom *(Beacon Press) and other books on that country.*

Washington

Spain's rusting dream of becoming a dominant Mediterranean power with a voice in the politico-military affairs of the world, and as a *de facto* and eventually elected member of NATO, has been given a polish by the new so-called bases agreement. It bears the disarming official title of "Agreement of Friendship and Co-operation Between the United States of America and Spain," and on September 26 became effective for five years, with an optional extension for another five years.

At a hearing on August 26, twenty days after the agreement had been signed in blatant disregard of the Senate's prerogative to give its advice and consent, two Under Secretaries of the departments involved—State and Defense—solemnly assured the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that nothing in the agreement involved the United States in a commitment to Spain. U. Alexis Johnson, State's Under Secretary for Political Affairs who, in the company of Deputy Secretary David Packard of the Department of Defense, worked out the agreement with their opposite numbers in Spain, testified under oath: "The Administration does not consider this a commitment to Spain. If it did there is no question that it should be submitted for ratification. There is no difference of view on that."

When Sen. Frank Church of Idaho asked: "What do you mean by commitment? Do you believe that an obligation or commitment of that nature can be taken only in

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writing?" Johnson replied, "Yes, I do." Deputy Secretary Packard agreed with this position, with the single reservation that there was a commitment for the United States to respond militarily if facilities occupied by its forces in Spain were attacked. That, he said, would be an attack against the United States. Johnson assented.

When Sen. Clifford Case of New Jersey asked whether the agreement by itself constituted "any additional power in the Executive to act without reference to Congress," Packard replied: "I could not see anything in that." Case pressed the point: "That is an absolutely flat statement on your part—and [to Johnson] on your part, Mr. Secretary, also?" Johnson replied, "Yes, it is."

Notwithstanding these assurances, Sen. J. W. Fulbright, chairman of the committee, commented: "A simple reading shows the language represents a commitment. . . . I do not believe disclaimers by the Administration to the Congress lessen the obvious commitment that exists." He said also: "The Spanish agreement represents the boldest attempt by the Executive branch since World War II to have a security commitment by Executive agreement and thus avoid the need for Senate advice and consent."

The crux of the question was whether the agreement committed the United States to the defense of Spain. Senator Church, taking the two Secretaries at their word, has now introduced a resolution expressing the sense of the Senate "that nothing in the said resolution shall be construed as a national commitment by the United States to the defense of Spain." This means, he explained, to the defense of Spain "against either external or internal attack."

In fact, the qualifying language of the two Secretaries left the question of commitment wide open. There are pointed implications in their testimony, as well as in the agreement itself, that not only would the United States be involved with Spain in either a limited or a general war but also would be with it against any kind of internal show of force, as in a popular uprising that would attack a "facility" occupied by U.S. forces. Such an attack would be considered an attack on the United States as well as on Spain.

Aligning himself with the reservation expressed by Packard, Johnson said: "If someone chose to attack a facility on which we are present, it would—they would obviously be attacking us as well." The nature of the "facility" was not defined, and that raises another question: could it be an information center, a consulate or any nonmilitary place at which U.S. forces have been stationed?

The controlled Spanish press was prompt to affirm "the Spanish position" that a commitment does exist. Their word for commitment, *compromiso,* has a meaning even stronger in their language than does commitment in ours. It is interwoven with the Spanish concept of honor, and as such irreversible. *"Compromiso"* was emphatically repeated in articles and editorials. One official government journal, *Arriba,* used the word four times in a short editorial.

And Spain's own Chief of State, Generalissimo Francisco Franco, standing beside President Nixon in Madrid, announced to the nation that the agreement between the two countries was—as *The New York Times* reported—"a commitment without reserve." There can be no doubt that Franco chose to make such a statement in full knowledge that the U.S. Congress was being informed by the Executive branch that no commitment existed.

The high points of the agreement may be succinctly stated as follows:

(*1*) A new system of defense covers both the Mediterranean and undefined areas of the Atlantic.

(*2*) The United States and Spain will stand together in case of attack from without or within.

(*3*) The United States is pledged to "support the Spanish defense efforts," to "modernize its defense industries," and to grant military assistance on a broad scale that includes the transfer of naval units, planes and weapons.

(*4*) A link with NATO is provided by making the American military commander of NATO the principal adviser to a "joint committee on defense matters" that may arise between the two countries.

(*5*) The two governments are joined in "the exploration and use of space," which has assumed a primarily military character.

(*6*) The cost to the United States for the initial five years of the agreement is put at $400 million. The cost of its Spanish bases since 1953, the year of the first agreement, is officially stated to have been $3.141 billion.

The Mediterranean agreement, in principle, completes the erosion of what has been known as the "Mediterranean equilibrium," established in the 18th century by Britain's acquisition of Gibraltar.

The precarious situation of the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean casts a shadow across the reinforced partnership. Despite President Nixon's repeated references to the power of that fleet as a shield against aggression—as when in Rome he called it "the mightiest fleet that has ever been assembled in the history of the world," or when in Madrid he proclaimed that the reconstructed "Spanish-American friendship" is "an indispensable pillar of peace in the Mediterranean"—its vicissitudes are revealed by secret testimony given before Sen. Stuart Symington's Foreign Relations Subcommittee on United States Security Agreements and Commitments Abroad, published in somewhat censored form while the President was in Europe.

That testimony provides the picture of a fleet regarded by most Mediterranean nations as an intruder and pariah. It suggests that the United States is running scared to patch up resentments, as for instance on the part of the Turks whom Russia is now wooing; it intimates that the United States is trying to make a deal with Tito, who thinks that both America and Russia should get out of the Mediterranean; it reveals how the United States is trying to get a solid foothold in Malta and thinks that both Malta and Israel should come under NATO. All of this is surely the key to President Nixon's Mediterranean safari, the purpose of which mystified his press entourage.

In the Symington testimony, one can read the statement of Rodger Davies, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs, that "at the present

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time we have no other areas [besides Greece] in the Eastern Mediterranean where our Sixth Fleet can freely put into port." He further revealed that even our relations with Greece, which the Pentagon is desperately courting, could reach an "inconvenient point," and that while in all parts of the Mediterranean the Sixth Fleet "can stay at sea," its "port facilities are increasingly limited."

The fleet's awkward situation also explains why Defense Secretary Melvin Laird visited Turkey and Greece

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at the time when Mr. Nixon was visiting in the Mediterranean, and informed their governments that he had come as the President's representative. He took pains to impress upon them the dangers of the Soviet buildup. In a press conference he said: "The Soviets have increased their steaming days in the Mediterranean from 750 five years ago to 17,000 days now."

The United States fears that continued Soviet pressure will lure Turkey away from its U.S. alliance. The Turks have still not recovered from their anger over President Johnson's opposition to their entrance into Cyprus in 1964. They contend that by that action the United States interfered with a "right." When the fleet visited Istanbul thereafter, an angry mob attacked the sailors and dumped ten or twelve of them into the sea.

Even now, despite the Montreux convention, Soviet ships "use the Dardanelles as they wish," Secretary Davies testified. Under that pact, Turkey is the guardian of the Dardanelles.

Testimony by Davies and by Robert J. Pranger, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, brought other details to the attention of the Symington subcommittee. The U.S. fleet is denied entry into Arab ports, into Algeria and other Mediterranean ports; the Greeks might not extend port privileges if the United States suspended military aid —which it has resumed in full panoply and which was never really cut off. The fleet cannot berth in France, but one of its ships did receive a token welcome in Yugoslavia. The fleet, in fact, is fairly well confined to the Mediterranean littoral. If Greece closed its ports, only Spain and its islands, Portugal, Italy and Morocco would be available to entry.

The fleet's need for friends seems to have inspired the release, while Nixon was visiting abroad, of a report on a "Trip to the Mediterranean Area" by a group from Chairman L. Mendel Rivers' House Armed Services Committee, which spared no words in urging the need for a realignment of U.S. politico-military associations in that region. It pictured the fleet's carriers as "sitting at anchor much of the time, a very dangerous situation in the present circumstances." The situation, it said, "gives the impression that the United States—having once sailed high and wide across the Mediterranean—is now content to let the Russians take over most of the operations in that ocean."

The report mentioned another need, as yet little discussed in public: "overflight rights for military purposes across Spain have become vital . . . with Switzerland and Austria neutral, and France undependable."

The well-informed letter, "Without the Censor's Permission," that appears regularly in the Spanish-language *Iberica*, published in New York, comments on still another aspect of the agreement. "We notice," says the informant, "that the U.S. Air Force in Spain now extends its field of action so as to include Italy, Greece and Turkey. It will have the mission of providing logistic support to the North American Air Bases in the so-called forward air safeguard of the Mediterranean region. . . . It is estimated that 10,000 members of the U.S. air army will constitute the 'Mediterranean Command.'"

The Pentagon's uses for Spain have changed radically since the original bases agreement was signed in 1953. The goal originally achieved, the acquisition of take-off platforms for manned bombers, has become obsolete by reason of the ICBM and the Polaris systems. But the uses of Spain as a home port for Polaris submarines and a haven for the Sixth Fleet; as an overflight area on the way to the Near and Far East; as a *"Champ de Mars"* for joint exercises by the Spanish and U.S. military forces; as an arsenal and a depot from which to give logistic support to U.S. Mediterranean allies, plus other purposes already set forth in this article, all give the U.S.-Spanish agreement new dimensions and a heightened military importance.

The question of commitment persists. Senator Case went into it further in a colloquy with Secretary U. Alexis Johnson at the Foreign Relations hearing. He asked whether a commitment was not:

¶"In a sense just an obligation by the United States to do something in the future which says nothing about what shall put the United States in motion to carry out that obligation"—and

¶"Whether a commitment was not a power created in the Executive to fulfill an obligation when the time comes or conditions arrive, without reference to Congress? That is another meaning or a bit of the content of the word 'commitment' is it not?"

Secretary Johnson said "Yes." Sen. Claiborne Pell, of Rhode Island, who did a seven-year hitch in the diplomatic service, and who called the agreement "a masterpiece of skillful draftsmanship," wryly remarked that the United States and Britain both interpreted the SEATO treaty in different ways, and that "the implications are that the United States might also have its unique interpretation of the Spanish agreement." □

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On Not Becoming Revolutionary

RAYMOND GOZZI, Jr.

Mr. Gozzi graduated from Harvard in 1967, and received a five-year fellowship to the University of California, where he got his M.A. in history in 1968. He was forced to interrupt his graduate work because of the draft and is now teaching in a California school. He is the author of the forthcoming Ready for the Rain, *from a section of which this article has been taken.*

I've felt it happen to me, too. You lose that relaxed, easy feeling of being free. Your vision focuses down on the narrow, bad, festering things and these become your world. Everything becomes politicized and nothing remains beautiful.

I spent two years in Berkeley and saw a lot of confrontations and saw a lot of bad things come down on good people, and I must say I agreed more with the radicals than I did with the university administration, the police, the state or the federal government. I was also having draft problems, which eventually made me resign a five-year fellowship, and that did nothing to endear me to the *status quo*.

But I decided not to become a revolutionary. It was a possibility: it would have given me a sense of immediacy and purpose that I don't have now, a feeling of involvement that I don't have now. But I made the right choice, for me. At first it was more than anything else an aesthetic choice.

I thought the radicals showed a lot of the same behavior as did affluent America. I didn't like it in affluent America, and it didn't look any better with the radicals. Like everybody else in affluent America, the radicals seemed to follow fads. Whatever looked promising, they would hop on to, sometimes dropping other things a little ungracefully. Agitation for a professor, fired apparently for political reasons, suddenly disappeared when people got interested in a strike for Black Studies. The pamphlets had put it quite strongly: academic freedom was threatened, this was the first step toward political qualifications for professors, freedom of speech was being quashed. Quite important issues. And then the whole thing just disappeared—no more pamphlets, no more noon rallies, no demonstrations—and everybody was off on the strike thing. All those issues, which had seemed so urgent, just gone.

I also thought there was a tendency to overadvertise, something like the Mustang ads that promise you masculinity if only you'll buy the car. The radicals were promising "self-fulfillment" and "finding yourself," simply by going to demonstrations or joining some organizations. It was a different version of the Marlboro Man.

During one strike the radicals used a new tactic: the "mill-in." The idea was that everybody would go into the Administration Building and just mill around, disrupting work, but staying mobile so they couldn't be arrested. They had a big rally and marched on Sproul Hall—I could see the people inside the building in their shirt sleeves, just watching this crowd of about 3,000 marching on the building. The administration stayed calm, nobody hassled the radicals, there was no violence on either side, work stopped, people milled.

At a noon rally the next day, one of the leaders said: "They played it cool yesterday, all the secretaries sitting around being nice, everybody joking around. Well, we've got to show them that they aren't going to get off that easy. We've got to raise the cost to them of not considering our demands. We've got to escalate!"

Those were exactly the phrases Lyndon Johnson was using at the time to justify the bombing of North Vietnam —"raise the cost" of not doing what I say you should do. "Escalation" was what it was all about.

I am sure there are always persuasive reasons for escalating and raising the cost of aggression. Most of the people in the U.S. Government found many good reasons for escalating in Vietnam, and the radical critique at its best pointed out how, though this may have looked logical from the inside, it resulted in a grotesquely inappropriate, not to say dangerous, response. And now the radicals were doing the same thing. Escalating. Looking only at the internal logic of their situation and their short-range goals.

Then there was the time when radicals kept sending busloads of people down to the Oakland Induction Center, even though they knew the Oakland police were beating people up there, because it was their goal to have as big a demonstration as possible. If in fact your goal is to have as big a demonstration as possible, then that is logical behavior, but it means you must send people off into a situation where you know there is violence and they might be seriously injured. But of course the goal is the demonstration, not the people.

That, too, looked a little too much like LBJ shipping off more troops to fight *his* holy war in Vietnam for my taste. It seemed that there were people all around who wanted to use me for cannon fodder to prove their point. I didn't cotton to it, no matter who was doing it.

I think it's part of the general problem of being a *specialist*. You become a policeman and learn how to use a billy club, and soon you can't see any other solution to problems. You become a soldier and learn how to shoot people, and soon you can't see any other solution. You become a graduate student and read books and soon you can't discuss anything else.

You become a reformer, and learn how to organize demonstrations, and soon you can't think of anything else. When the reform doesn't come, or comes very slowly, and all you see are mealy-mouthed politicians oozing out of your TV screens, you can get mighty, mighty unhappy. And if this has become your whole world, you might very easily come to the conclusion that the world needs blowing up.

The trouble is that, being a specialist, what you think is the whole world is only a narrow part of it. And what you think is the whole solution is only a narrow part of it. (If any part of it at all—I've seen too many special-

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ists turn out dead wrong to take any specialist's word on anything.) It seemed to me that the revolutionaries were suffering from exactly the problems of every other specialist.

Would napalm convert you to democracy? It didn't work in Vietnam and the radicals knew it wouldn't. Then why should a bomb in your office convert you to the revolution? It sounds like the same logic the U.S. Air Force used. "We'll bomb them back into the Stone Age," a U.S. general said. Presumably that would break the will of the North Vietnamese. It didn't. Then why should bombing U.S. corporations break their will?

So, as I say, I think it was the aesthetics of the thing that really did it for me. The radicals reminded me too much of too many things that I didn't like about American life. It all tasted a little sour, not really beautiful. Of course I wasn't ready to insist on beauty, if things seemed to be working. But the radicals' war semed to be going about like LBJ's—not too well, despite all the noise and the fury.

The hassle over Eldridge Cleaver on campus should show what I mean. During that time I had some long talks with radical friends about what would happen. This provided a test case, so to speak, of how well the radical understanding of things—the radical ideology—worked.

The issues were whether or not Cleaver would be given a room to lecture on campus, whether or not academic credit would be given for the course, and whether or not the Berkeley academic senate would resist the regents' ruling that official credit was not to be given for the course. There were sit-ins, mass picketing: some people even took over a building—Moses Hall.

My radical friends and I got into a long argument about the whole thing—I saying basically that taking over Moses Hall would not sway the regents or the academic senate, that the action was premature anyway, since the academic senate hadn't had a chance to act fully, and there was a good chance credit would be allowed for the course. My friends said, No, all the faculty members want is peace and quiet, so they can do research; the university is implicated in the racism of this society so deeply that it can't rise above it; and anyway you are foolish to expect the faculty senate to do *anything, ever*; and the taking over of Moses Hall is necessary to help build a movement.

I think it is fair to say that I didn't win the argument, in that none of my points were agreed to; but I think it is also fair to say that events bore out my position. The academic senate did defy the regents, they did allow Cleaver on campus, and months later—long after the radicals had lost interest and you didn't hear a thing about the issue from them—the academic senate even voted to let anyone graduate who had taken Cleaver's course, and was thus short of the credit that the regents would not grant. The faculty senate would grant them a diploma in lieu of the one withheld by the regents. A reasonably gutsy stand, I thought.

As for Moses Hall, the cops waited until early morning, when the crowd was small, and then came in peaceably and arrested everybody nonviolently, and the whole thing *died*. (That might be a lesson for somebody, too.) A few months later, the student newspaper interviewed some of the leaders of the Moses Hall take-over, who were now involved in some court business, and they were all muttering about how the movement needed to be stronger so that when it made a mistake like taking over Moses Hall it wouldn't leave people—i.e., them—isolated. They themselves now admitted it had been a mistake, but at the time if you even suggested as much (I know, for I tried), all kinds of dark accusations were made against you: "What are you, some kindofa cop-out? Favoring racism? Where's your loyalty to your generation?"

The consumer-society radicals put down the Eldridge Cleaver issue the way you'd put down a pizza pie that you didn't want to finish, and I was aware of no radical activity to help out any kids who took that course and stood on principle about the credit. I thought it was a bad show on the radicals' part, and that their categories of understanding had led them to predict the results of every major move just 180 degrees wrong. And this kind of thing happened all the time.

In Berkeley life, the emotions you feel are political emotions, which are big, heavy, gross things. When people become too deeply politicized, I think they tend to see the world in terms of ideology rather than as it really is. Ideologies can be useful, but they seem to make their holders intolerant. My wife and I decided to work in the McCarthy campaign in the spring of 1968, and the amount of abuse we got from doctrinaire radicals surprised us. Some of the ugliest types reminded me of the good citizens of Mississippi.

When you'd try to say to someone, look we're all after the same thing; several years of radical demonstrations

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haven't changed our policy in Vietnam; why can't you let me try this way and I'll let you try yours; we'll both be happy if either side wins—what you'd get in reply would be a philosophical tirade about imperialism and how both parties are the same and the system is corrupt. There was never any attempt to communicate on a personal level; it was always dialectics and philosophy. And if I didn't agree with them, I was wrong.

When McCarthy came to Berkeley to speak, he started off by saying: Well, when I first ran, some people said I was just putting up a trial balloon and was really working for Bobby Kennedy. "That's right," someone in the crowd bellowed. McCarthy went on: And then some other people said I was simply being a foil and was really working for Lyndon Johnson. "That's right," the same guy bellowed. "Mighty hard to be both at the same time," McCarthy said, and the guy quieted down. But after that speech my wife and I knew that Berkeley wouldn't be able to come together, and it made us sad.

I think the strongest part of radicalism is its criticism of the injustice, dehumanization and absurdity in the modern world. I would hate to think of a future without a strong tradition of radical protest; bureaucrats seem to blunder into things without really questioning, and a responsible, nonviolent radicalism is important to keep those people from fouling us all up.

But there will be no radical tradition in the future if it gets wiped out during this dark age. A quick glance at the history of the IWW, or the Red scare of 1919—where hundreds of radicals were arrested without charges, held without being allowed lawyers, and deported without trials—or the Southern tradition of dealing with dissenters: lynch them—should convince anyone who didn't know it that Americans are capable of ruthless and unprincipled action against those who are seen as violently threatening.

When groups go underground, plotting dark deeds, they lay themselves open for illegal repression in the name of national security, and once a thing is declared to be in the interest of national security, it can be labeled Secret, and all hope for constitutional rights will be gone. Constitutional rights may not mean much, as the Chicago Seven trial graphically shows, but they *may* be the difference between freedom and jail, as the Oakland Seven trial proved. The government couldn't prove conspiracy to a jury of twelve Oaklanders and they went free. That's better than what Stalin's opponents got.

And another historical fact is that no government has ever been overthrown by internal revolution if it has kept control over its police and military forces. As we know, the police and military are among the firmest ideological supporters of the American Way. As we also know, and as I saw in the streets of Berkeley, some police are not excessively scrupulous about other people's rights, and some politicians will back them up.

If the goal of radicalism is simply to create havoc and destruction, it is perhaps doing fine. But if the goal of radicalism is actually to *help* other people, to try to reduce the effects of racism at home and mindless militarism abroad, I think those goals should be kept in mind and all actions tested against them. The goals will not be furthered if the radical movement in America allows itself to be smashed by a right-wing reaction to its violent attempt to bring on a hopeless revolution. And a lot of good people, who will be needed in the future, will be gone.

"We have waited 300 years, and we ain't gonna wait any longer!" The fact that injustices have existed for centuries should warn us that they will not disappear simply because we may wish them gone. The world, it seems, was not made to spring to our every command. This does not mean that we should be passive, or despairing. It just means that we'll have to pick our shots carefully in our attacks on injustice: being in a strategic place at the right time; registering voters in Mississippi; working in primaries; marching; tutoring ghetto kids; teaching in rural summer schools. With the goal that individually you hope to make a difference in someone's life, and collectively make a difference in the society's life. There are a lot of people and there is lots to do.

It goes back, I guess, to that argument in Mississippi. Do you shoot for the long-range goals and register voters, or do you insist on all the symbols and sit-in on the benches? My choice then was for the long-range goals. We were registering voters. That's what will make the most difference to the most people in the long run; let's not sweat the benches.

That is still my choice. It seems clear that, if we can only get through the next ten years or so of this dark age, we should come out on the other side to a better world.

For instance, I think that a guaranteed annual income would do more to wipe out the effects of racism in this country than would anything else, including The Revolution. (Friends who have been to Cuba say there is still racism there; you don't change people's minds as fast as you change their government.) And I think that within ten or twenty years, probably sooner, we'll have a guaranteed annual income. When someone of the views of Richard M. Nixon proposes to Congress family income supplements, it is safe to say we're on the road. I don't care who does make it the law—I'll be happy, even, if it's Richard Nixon.

I think the guaranteed income can be sold to voters. When I was speaking at a McCarthy meeting in a working-class district, I got some pointed questions about it. I said: Well, under the present welfare system the incentive is not to work. Once you get a job, you're off welfare. Studies seem to show that the guaranteed income encourages people to work—you get a reduction of benefits on a sliding scale, but you are better off if you work. And nobody will sit around getting rich on it; this will just keep people from starving, give kids enough food, that kind of thing. The voters liked it; it made sense to them.

I also think that the plain facts of demography are for us. In the next twenty years there will be how many million more Beatles fans as voters? You think the political system won't change? Just because Congress right now is dominated by septuagenarian relics from an earlier era, doesn't mean it will always be so, and a younger electorate should bring some changes. History, I think, is on our side. □

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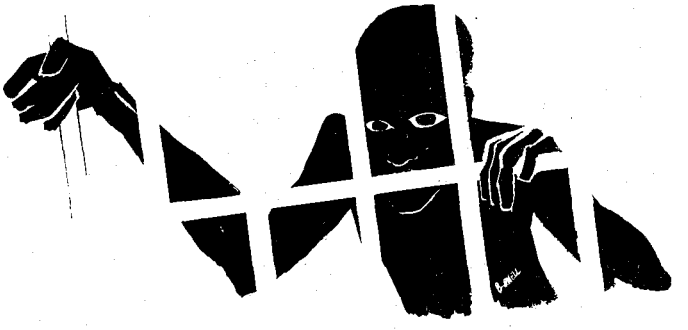
HOMER, LA.

THE BOONDOCKS JAIL THE FUTURE

NICHOLAS C. CHRISS
Mr. Chriss, Houston bureau chief of the Los Angeles Times, *was formerly on the news staff of the Tupelo (Miss.)* Daily Journal. *He has covered most of the major race stories in the South since 1954. Mr. Chriss has also been a foreign correspondent in London, Frankfurt and Berlin.*



Homer, La.

Georgia Gov. Marvin Griffin, of segregation notoriety in the 1950s, used to regale his news conferences with witticisms about a redneck named Willie Highgrass who lived so far back in the boondocks that the county had to pipe in daylight. It's natural to recall Willie as you drive, drive and drive to reach Homer, La. Homer sits in that rugged land of segregation and rural retardation in upper Louisiana, just below the Arkansas line and between east Texas and Mississippi. No matter how you go—from Shreveport, Monroe, Ruston or El Dorado, Ark.—it's a long journey. Through the woods of oak and pine; through towns like Athens, Aycock, Lisbon or Junction City. The air is still. The deeper you plow into the countryside, the more it seems as if almost anything could happen there and it would take a long time for the outside world to hear of it.

Homer is a rough, tough sawmill-and-farm town of 4,500 persons, founded in 1849. It would be inaccurate to say things have not changed much in Homer since then, but a lot of black people would not contest the point. The town is about 45 per cent black; Claiborne Parish, of which Homer is the seat, is about 55 per cent black. Homer is experiencing today what quite a few small Deep South towns went through eight to ten years ago; but it is dealing with the trouble a little differently. Little, if anything, of this has attracted national attention.

It is the classic case of the blacks being overpowered economically; of a few whites who feel it may be time for some changes; of young blacks back from strange places and stranger mores with the U.S. Army; of a recalcitrant white domination; school integration; black militancy. The turnover of white officialdom has been startling: a new mayor, two sheriffs, a new police chief, an assistant district attorney who quit. And Lord knows what else has happened behind the scenes. Dr. Sherard A. Tatum, the present Mayor, is part of a new team put into the office to save the town's face from economic and racial blight.

"Some people," he remarked, "thought I could establish some rapport with colored people." The way he says it doesn't sound encouraging. Dr. Tatum has tried to get work for Negroes other than driving mules or sawing wood; jobs in the banks and stores. But the division in Homer is so deep, he confesses, that the talk never gets beyond the preliminaries. "Homer has never done anything outstanding for its blacks. We just went our way." Now some of them have arrived home from military service. "They thought Homer ought to do something for them. But it didn't," he said. "I think they've [blacks] been tolerant themselves. The [white] people need to know that integration is the law of the land. If not, we'll have trouble."

It isn't always easy to decipher what white officialdom is saying, or trying not to say, in Homer. Often a good deal of interpretation is needed. Thus one might translate Dr. Tatum's statement to read: blacks have been mistreated and abused in Homer. They've taken it. The whites don't realize it is time for a change. We've had desperate trouble; we'll probably have more. Taken in the context of what has happened in Homer over the past year, and what is scheduled to take place before the end of the year, that interpretation makes sense.

Eleven black civil rights activists who took part in school protests, as well as a black boycott, early this year were held in county jails around Homer for more than two months on bails totaling $159,000. Some are still in various county jails in the area. Most had little hope for release because of their exorbitant bonds. Eleven other blacks, juveniles with lesser bails amounting to about $30,000, were gradually released. All twenty-two had been arrested in the predawn darkness of June 22. Although it had a backlog of cases, the district court in which they would have been tried did not meet during July and August.

White officials accuse the blacks of conducting a "reign of terror" (shooting and arson), and of trying to enforce an economic boycott downtown by "terrorist means." However, a number of the Negro leaders interviewed, including Mrs. Fanny Dodd, say the arrests and long stays in jail were designed to stop the protests and the boycott. One young black man's bail was set at $5,000 for "theft of a shotgun." He was released in August when his family finally was able to raise enough money for the bond. Another's was set at $2,500 for the same charge. Another, J. C. Curry, is held on bail totaling $65,000 on one charge of aggravated criminal conspiracy to commit murder, three charges of aggravated criminal damage to property and aggravated battery on two young whites who worked at a gasoline station. Another of the prisoners has bail totaling $22,500, another $15,000 and another $12,500. The most common charge is aggravated criminal damage to property. In the opinion of a bail bondsman in Shreveport, a charge of aggravated criminal damage to

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property usually required a bond of $300 to $400 at most.

Dist. Atty. Hal R. Henderson said that bail was purposely set sky-high. So did several other officials, including Sheriff J. R. (Snap) Oakes. "Those crimes were vicious. You had to have high bonds or they would have skipped out. You just have to put a good bond on them," Henderson said. There is some reason to believe that the powers that be in Homer are a little embarrassed by the figures. (Stories of the situation have been reported by the *Los Angeles Times* and *The New York Times*.)

The bonds have been so high, have gone up several times, that virtually all black property in the county is tied up. That, according to Paul H. Kidd, the black attorney from Monroe who represented the Homer 22, is why some of the bails were finally lowered in September and October. "Nobody's got any money or property left." Mrs. Hattie Curry, mother of two sons included in the group, said that every time she tried to raise funds early in the year, "They raised the bond." And Snap Oakes confirmed that the bonds had been raised several times, as additional charges were piled on. The bail total on J. C. Curry went from $20,000 to $45,000 to $55,000 to $65,000, Sheriff Oakes said. You have to be black and raised in a town like Homer to know what it is like to put up even a $500 bond. Under Louisiana's code of criminal procedure, as in most states, judges use certain guidelines in setting bonds. These include the seriousness of the offense, weight of evidence, previous criminal record, ability of defendant to give bail, and circumstances affecting the probability that the defendant will appear in court. None of the jailed blacks has a criminal record. Only officials know the evidence. But perhaps the best comparison is with a white man who also was involved in Homer's racial troubles.

His name is Charles Branch, 21, of Minden, who during the height of tension shot off part of the leg of David Mozeke, a teen-age black who was picketing a supermarket during an abortive attempt to start a black boycott. Branch was charged with aggravated battery. His bond was set at $5,000. There were eyewitnesses to the shooting; none to the alleged acts of the blacks. Yet, Branch was freed, even though, as District Attorney Henderson said in an interview, "he had just gotten out of the penitentiary not long before the shooting." An accomplice in the shooting, who had the same charge against him, had bail set at $3,000. Two other whites in the car from which the shooting took place were not charged. "They're material witnesses," Snap Oakes said. In the last week of October Branch went on trial. (It is the start of trials for the Homer 22 and they will continue well into December.) A jury deliberated almost two hours and reduced Branch's charge to simple battery.

Mrs. Hattie Curry is a tough-talking black woman. She sees the arrests and long incarceration of the young men as a "sweat out" to break the Negro community. Some of the jailed men have families dependent on them for support. The local civil rights movement—and they are getting rare in the rural areas—"has just about slowed down to nothing," she said. "This is another day, but white people here don't know that," Mrs. Curry said bitterly. The black community in Homer is seething about the mass arrests, the long jail terms, the high bonds, the freedom of the white man who shot a Negro youth and the slow economic improvement of their race in Homer.

But the blacks in Homer have learned that it doesn't pay to buck the white power structure. That may sound like defeatist talk in New York or Los Angeles or Atlanta. But here it just sounds like reality. What began last March as a protest had never happened before in Homer, not remotely. Blacks were refused a parade permit to march downtown to protest inadequate school desegregation. They marched anyway. Several were arrested. Another group marched. They were told to disperse. They didn't. Snap Oakes said the blacks threw rocks and "swarmed all over a police car," and manhandled two policemen. "They're just lucky some of them didn't get killed." The rally was finally broken up with tear gas. Oakes said his men did not use cow prods; some blacks say they did. There were no outsiders on hand to say what did happen.

The racial climate went from bad to worse. All of a sudden, it seemed, Homer's Negroes weren't content just to mow lawns, cut trees, haul junk, wash dishes, be servants, and keep quiet. Then the boycott began in early April. During a number of disturbances, several Negroes were alleged to have roamed the town firing shots into private homes, automobiles, a home for the aged and some mobile homes. No one was injured. There were several cases of arson. A highway patrolman said his home was hit by shotgun pellets. "It was getting to be open warfare around here," said Chief Deputy G. W. Zachary.

Then came the predawn arrests. District Attorney Henderson explained why most of the charges were defined as "aggravated." This means, he said, that the state can gain a heavier sentence, fine or bond against someone who allegedly sought to attempt bodily harm to a person, but instead merely damaged a piece of property. Some of the prisoners are in Homer's ancient and decrepit jail which District Judge J. Frank Dougherty—the man who set the high bonds—admitted in an interview "is not fit for human habitation." Two of the black men are in a second-floor cubicle cell of about 6 feet by 4 feet, with no windows. Recently, Dougherty made a motion on his own behalf to lower the bonds, but a higher state court overruled him. Defense attorney Kidd appealed to Federal District Judge Ben D. Dawkins in Shreveport. He also held the bonds to be not excessive. (Civil liberties attorneys say Dawkins is biased and that his clerk is a frantic Confederate flag waver.) At any rate, almost all those who protested the desegregation plan in Homer last March and April were in jail when school started again in the fall. Some of them may be in jail at Christmas. □

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JESS GITT'S GAZETTE

JAMES HIGGINS

Mr. Higgins, who was for twenty-one years an editor of The Gazette and Daily, *is now leaving York and returning to his native Boston. He will be writing regularly for* The Nation.

The Gazette and Daily of York County, Pa., which ceased to exist on October 22 after fifty-five years of publication under the ownership of J. W. (Jess) Gitt, was mostly a misunderstood newspaper. To many of its 35,000 or so readers in the county, which lies in the southeastern part of the state between the Pennsylvania Dutch heartland and the Mason-Dixon line, it was simply "the morning paper." To others its boldly progressive editorial policies and its nosy reporters were so bewildering as to convince them that "Gitt and his *Gazette*" were at worst Red and at best un-American. Journalism school graduates from around the country who approached *The Gazette and Daily* for jobs, had the impression that it must be the rebel vanguard paper of their revolutionary dreams. Rednecks, of which the county has more than a few, viewed it as a "nigger-lovin' sheet." But young militant blacks, especially in recent years, came to think of it as being not much different from any other paper controlled by "whitey."

What was never really understood about *The Gazette and Daily* was its simple basic philosophy, which was, of course, Jess Gitt's philosophy. Back around 1950, when I became assistant editor, I learned at least something of this philosophy in a brief conversation with the publisher about my new duties as daily editorial writer, among other things. I wanted to know how I was to proceed with the editorials. Was I to consult first with him, or with his son, the executive editor? Should I draft sample stuff and submit it for approval?

It turned out that all he wished me to understand was that the principles which guided *The Gazette and Daily* were those of the Declaration of Independence, of the Constitution (particularly the Bill of Rights and most particularly the First Amendment), and of the Sermon on the Mount. He asked if I was in sufficient agreement with such principles as to be guided by them on the job. When I said that I was, he told me that there was no problem about writing editorials; just go ahead and write them, he said, and put them in the paper. I did so for almost twenty years, with hardly a word more on the matter from Jess Gitt.

Newspaper men to whom I have told this story regard it as extraordinary. It is, I suppose, in the same way that Gitt and *The Gazette and Daily* were extraordinary, which can be demonstrated by listing a few items from the paper's history:

¶It carried no liquor or beer advertising and long ago recognized alcoholism as the disease it is now generally accepted to be.

¶It was the first daily newspaper dependent upon advertising to discontinue the advertising of cigarettes—a step taken only a few days after the U.S. Surgeon General said that public health tests had proved their cancer-causing properties.

¶It was the only daily in the country to support Henry Wallace for President in 1948. (Gitt and Wallace were two of an American kind, both wise, humane men who were convinced that only a strong political peace movement could avert the atomic war that might finish mankind.)

¶It was the first newspaper to retire employees with no loss of income and to grant sick leave according to the length of the sickness.

¶It featured—and more than once lost advertisers as a result—news of Federal Trade Commission reports on deceptive advertising and hazardous products.

¶It was the only daily (so far as I know) to oppose in 1947 the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan, on the grounds that the United States was thus bypassing the United Nations and embarking on a dangerous foreign policy course.

¶In the early 1960s, it criticized the dispatch of U.S. military "advisers" to South Vietnam, and it continued to denounce each succeeding stage of American involvement there.

¶On the York County front, it kept its eye on legislators, mayors, school boards, welfare administrators, sheriffs, courts, magistrates, police—on "authorities" in general—and it defended the rights and supported the aspirations of unprivileged people.

In 1957, after having four or five times won the N.W. Ayer award as best-looking tabloid in the nation, *The Gazette and Daily* won the top honor for all newspapers regardless of size. One of the judges commented that in style, format and content, *The Gazette and Daily* perhaps represented the paper of the future. It might have been more accurate to say that it represented the best of the past, the best that has not yet been realized in the society and, indeed, appears increasingly strange and extraordinary as the values of money and monopoly expand their dominion. By "best" I mean no more than the First Amendment idea of the function of a free press: that a self-governing people requires access to every bit of fact, and to every strongly held opinion on public issues, in order to govern itself well.

If *The Gazette and Daily* was "misunderstood," as I think, it was because too few Americans understand their origins as a political people. Much of this failing can be blamed not on the people themselves but on media which have neither informed adequately, nor advocated consistently, in the public interest. Or, as Jess Gitt wrote a while ago in a policy statement distributed to the paper's staff: "We are convinced that the interests of the many are superior to those of the few and that our government should function with that constantly in mind and is remiss when it does not."

The reasons for the shutdown and sale of *The Gazette and Daily*—Gitt sold everything but the name, his "alter ego" he once called it in print—are the usual ones: in-

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creasing costs, declining revenue, union pressures, population shifts affecting circulation, outmoded production facilities, and the like. So at age 86 Jess Gitt no longer publishes a paper for York County readers to "misunderstand," which they did in such numbers that only two sent him letters of lament after the sale was announced. He told a friend about that, chuckling. "Two more than you expected, no doubt," said the friend.

"I never gave it a thought," Gitt said. "I just tried to do my best. But I like what the Dutch baker said when the folks wouldn't eat his bread, 'Apparently, it was none too good.' " □

AFTER POLARIS

BLUE WATER BOONDOGGLE

STEVE d'ARAZIEN

Mr. d'Arazien is a free-lance journalist in Washington, D.C.

Washington

For several months now, the Navy has been quietly selling its little-known, multibillion-dollar ULMS project. ULMS stands for Undersea Long-Range Missile System. Thus far, the project has a low profile—only $34 million has been appropriated for studies—but the potential price tag on the project is said to be $25 *billion*.

ULMS is envisioned as a more expensive replacement for the present fleet of forty-one U.S. Polaris and Poseidon missile submarines. It will use the second generation of such boats, larger, deeper diving, quieter. Recent statements by Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird indicate that the project will be accelerated. On ABC's *Issues and Answers* of October 11, he warned that the Soviets have twenty-eight Yankee-class, Polaris-type, missile-firing submarines in operation or under construction. He once again waved the red cape of the alleged Soviet SS-9 threat. He said: "Unless we have success at SALT and those other negotiating areas, we are going to have to face up to some hard, tough decisions here, which would require a tremendous increase as far as defense expenditures are concerned."

Secretary Laird has consistently pointed to ULMS as one of those "tough" and "expensive" decisions that must be faced within the next twelve months if there is no progress at the SALT disarmament talks now resuming in Helsinki.

Laird has spoken of ULMS being operative by 1978—if we start now. With this in mind, the Department of Defense has given the Navy the go-ahead to request $130 million, a threefold increase of this year's ULMS expenditure, when fiscal 1972 budgets are submitted in January. Many of the Congressional liberals who fought hard to cut defense budgets this year will probably vote for the speed-up. They believe that by supporting ULMS they can encourage the adoption of the "Blue Water" option, which would rely solely on sea-based missiles and eliminate vulnerable land-based ICBMs and manned bombers. But there is no indication that the Air Force or its Congressional allies will transfer to the Navy exclusive province over the nation's retaliatory nuclear force. Thus liberal support for ULMS may mean that the United States will continue to rely on the triple deterrent of bombers, ICBMs and submarines, which many see as wasteful duplication.

"This is the time to deal with it. A lot of people are being sucked in," said Peter Stockton, an aide to Rep. William Moorhead of Pennsylvania, who fought hard for defense economy.

The range of a Polaris missile is 2,300 to 2,600 miles (the exact figures are classified); that of the ULMS missile will have a range of 6,000 to 7,000 miles. Instead of the sixteen missiles in Polaris, ULMS, according to one expert, will carry twenty-four. Instead of being MIRVed to carry fourteen warheads per missile, as is Poseidon, ULMS missiles may carry seventeen. If so, one sub could knock out between 300 and 400 enemy cities.

The Navy calls ULMS a "building block to peace," a project that could "tip the hairtrigger balance of terror in favor of the U.S." ULMS, the Navy believes, is the Ultimate Deterrent. What makes ULMS most attractive to its enthusiasts is its missiles' intercontinental capability. Their range is so great that the boats would not have to cruise within 800 miles of the Soviet coast, as do our current subs, but could deliver their deadly retaliatory punch from anywhere in the world.

Polaris-Poseidon cost American taxpayers $13.6 billion, exclusive of its expensive nuclear fuel and operating costs. According to *The Washington Post* of October 22, the ULMS is estimated to cost around $15 billion, but Department of Defense estimates have shown a consistent tendency to conservatism. Two estimates from opposite points on the American political compass—Sen. John Stennis of Mississippi and the Democratic Study Group—estimate that the new subs will cost in the neighborhood of $25 billion. One think-tank resident has given the figure of about $1 billion per boat, an eventual fleet of twenty to twenty-five.

Why replace Polaris-Poseidon when the average age of the fleet is only five years? One argument for ULMS is that as the current sub fleet ages, it will have to be replaced. "As long as you are going to replace them, why not do it better?" According to one researcher, the trouble with that is, "They almost always underestimate the cost." As in the case of the C-5A transport, the F-111 fighter-bomber and other weapons, new systems almost invariably cost more than originally anticipated and rarely perform as specified. Polaris-Poseidon is a proven system. Why go for an unproven, new system?

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However, the main argument turns on the question of vulnerability. Some ULMS backers have postulated a Soviet breakthrough in anti-submarine warfare which would threaten the Polaris-Poseidon fleet. Secretary Laird raised this prospect before a joint meeting of the Senate Armed Services and Appropriations Committees last year. In February he described ULMS as "very high on our list of priorities."

Vulnerability came up again at the International Pugwash Conference on Science and World Affairs in early September. The scientists were responding to a paper delivered in June of 1969 by Dr. Victor C. Anderson. He had described possible developments in acoustic technology which could threaten Polaris-Poseidon.

Asked what he thought of Dr. Anderson's hypothetical threat, one defense consultant told *The Nation*: "It's always easy to dream up stuff like that. The argument I like is that the United States now spends on the order of $6 billion a year on anti-submarine warfare. It is estimated that we can defeat the Soviet submarine force in six months, and the Secretary of Defense has said that that is sufficient. Now, to defeat it in three months would cost quite a bit more. To defeat it in ten minutes, in a nuclear war, the cost would rise astronomically. It is really quite unrealistic to think that in a short period of nuclear war you could have any effect on the enemy's submarine force. During that time you aren't going to be able to do anything." The researcher added that the United States is significantly ahead of Russia in anti-submarine warfare.

But perhaps some unforeseen breakthrough could affect the undersea nuclear deterrent. This exchange took place before the Senate Armed Services and Appropriations Committees:

Rep. Louis C. Wyman (R., N.H.): "Even if capability to locate submarines is developed and observed, would it not be rather difficult to destroy a ballistic missile-firing submarine before it could launch its missiles?"

Dr. R. F. Frosch: "Yes, I believe it would be extremely difficult."

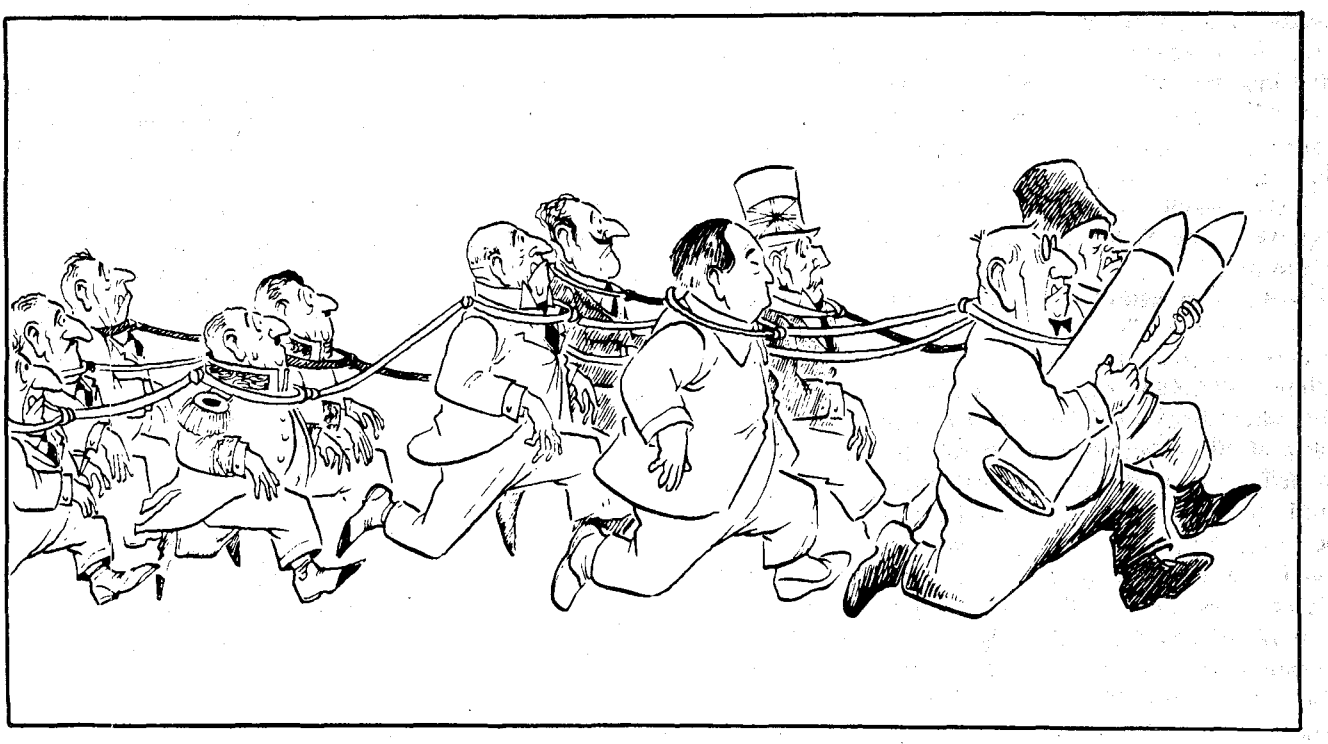
Asked if he felt that the hypothetical issue of Polaris vulnerability merits the costs of ULMS, the think-tank expert, previously quoted, said No. "In the absence of data, there is nothing on the horizon to affect Polaris invulnerability."

Although Polaris-Poseidon does not appear vulnerable, many liberals support ULMS because they believe it will silence even talk of vulnerability and abandonment of land-based ICBMs and bombers, which they feel are vulnerable and obsolete. By going ahead with the ULMS project, and cutting the others, they feel that the defense budget can be slashed. This reasoning prompted the recently published alternative defense budget prepared by The Members of Congress for Peace Through Law, a group of ten Senators and sixteen Congressmen:

> We should proceed with ULMS as part of a decision to make a sea-based nuclear missile system the first line of deterrence. This might require a redefinition of the concept of "strategic mix," which has produced an extensive and expensive redundancy of strategic systems. ULMS is the epitome of the "Blue Water" option at a time when the probable obsolescence of fixed-bases had become clear in the ABM debate. When viewed as a successor to land-based missiles and their requisite defense systems [Safeguard ABM and Hardsites], the ULMS is cost effective.

That comes close to saying a sea-based force is enough. According to Dennis Brazina, an aide to Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.), "The liberals have obviously come out for an oceanic strategy; the conservatives support the Holy Triad—bombers, ICBMs and subs."

Before the Pentagon approved the increase for next



Vadillo, Ovaciones (Mexico)

The Arms Race

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year, Brazina said he felt that doubling the ULMS research grant from $44 million to $88 million would be a good move and might throw the Pentagon and Senate hawks off balance. Robert Benson of the Urban Coalition is another liberal who supports the Navy line. Benson, who is working on defense proposals for the Coalition, said: "I'm very sympathetic toward ULMS. It's the most promising strategic project in the works." Among others who are supporting the Blue Water option are *Newsweek* columnist Stewart Alsop, McGeorge Bundy and Dr. Jeremy Stone, director of the American Federation of Scientists.

Although their position is based on a genuine desire to scale down the arms race and eliminate redundancies, there is serious doubt that supporting ULMS will have that effect.

Sometimes the Defense Department seems to support an exclusively sea-based deterrent. Dr. John Foster, director of Defense Research and Engineering, testified: "We anticipate that any new generation of ICBMs would be a sea-based system, such as ULMS." But when Dr. Foster testified before the Senate, he used the word "backup" in referring to ULMS, indicating that the Pentagon may be thinking of the system as yet another element in the Triad, a replacement for Polaris-Poseidon, but not for bombers and land-based missiles.

There are also indications of strong resistance, notably from the Air Force, to adoption of a deterrent strategy based on the abandonment of ICBMs and bombers.

According to *The Wall Street Journal*, "The Air Force . . . is increasingly sensitive to suggestions that its two strategic arms, the manned bomber and the land-based missile, may be headed for obsolescence." SAC Commander Gen. Bruce K. Holloway blasted the Navy for a "pretty wicked propaganda campaign," in an interview with the *Armed Forces Journal*. The Air Force has by no means given up on its $20 billion B-1 bomber and $1 billion program to harden its ICBM silos.

"It makes more sense to expand Safeguard ABM and thus protect the 85 per cent of the nation's nuclear retaliatory punch which is land-based and air-deliverable than to rely on the 15 per cent of the punch which is sea-based, no matter how invulnerable," Laird said in his pitch for the Safeguard ABM. Department of Defense positions are notorious, shifty and contradictory as the department tries to rally support for one weapons system after another. If one argument doesn't catch on, another is devised, as was the case with the series of justifications proposed for the ABM.

In his final posture statement, former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara defined minimum deterrence against the Soviet Union as that necessary to destroy 30 per cent of its population (74 million people) and 76 per cent of its industry. That requires 400 warheads, which three Poseidon boats can deliver.

Yet it is estimated that the United States currently has 4,200 strategic nuclear warheads. They are dispersed among SAC bombers (1,710); ICBMs (1,054); and Polaris-Poseidon (656). These figures do not include the 7,000 tactical nuclear weapons thought to be in Europe, or those believed to be scattered elsewhere across the globe. They can be delivered by land and carrier-based tactical fighters, Intermediate Range Ballistic Missiles and artillery.

The bomb which leveled Hiroshima and killed a quarter of a million people was equivalent to 20 kilotons, 20,000 tons of TNT. According to informed sources, equivalent-sized Soviet cities are now targeted with 10 megatons, fifty times that much.

By 1975, barring an improbable agreement limiting the already deployed multiple warheads, the thirty-one Poseidon and ten Polaris boats will carry 7,424 warheads. Land-based missiles will be MIRVed to carry 2,000 warheads. (Some of these have been deployed.) SAC B-52s and FB-111s will carry 2,160 warheads. Grand total, 11,584 warheads, excluding the tactical nuclear weapons. Thus by 1975 the United States plans to have an overkill factor of twenty-eight.

Some people have suggested, as less expensive alternatives to ULMS, more Poseidon submarines (a proved weapons system, not an untried one), development of improved undersea countermeasures against the now hypothetical Soviet threat, or miniaturized missiles that pack more of a punch.

ULMS does not seem to be the type of project that would be contemplated by a nation seriously dedicated to arms control. It is the sort of thing that emerges from a government that is locked into a permanent arms race. Asked about disarmament, one Congressional staffer replied: "We're not going to disarm. Perhaps when the continents come back together."

Given this bleak prospect, wouldn't it be possible to substitute parity with the Soviets for this continued development of more and more warheads and more and more delivery systems?

"The hawks will never buy parity. A controlled nuclear exchange is impossible with parity. They want options," the aide said.

Asked if Polaris-Poseidon alone, without the land-based missiles and bombers, is enough, one informed source said: "Yes. Even with the Soviet MIRV. But the key factor is psychological. The United States wants to avoid the appearance of being inferior with less numbers of warheads. This is the key to the race for more and more warheads, more and more overkill. The Pentagon is afraid people will adopt communism over capitalism if it appears we are weaker. Therefore, minimum deterrence is not enough."

That kind of thinking is likely to dominate American strategic planning for a long while. Once the engineering and development contracts are let out for ULMS, the system is a good bet; and once a production contract is let out, ULMS will be very hard to stop. Engineering and development contracts will probably be formulated in 1973 and 1974.

It is certain that ULMS could benefit those firms likely to divvy up the $15 billion to $25 billion—General Dynamics' Electric Boat Division, for ship construction, and Lockheed for the missiles. The big question is, will it benefit the American people? □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Anarchism in Revival

IN DEFENSE OF ANARCHISM. *By Robert Paul Wolff. Harper & Row. 86 pp. $4.50. Paper $1.*

RADICAL LIBERTARIANISM: A Right Wing Alternative. *By Jerome Tuccille. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 109 pp. $5.*

ANARCHISM. *By Daniel Guérin. Translated by Mary Klopper. Introduction by Noam Chomsky. Monthly Review Press. 166 pp. $6.*

KINGSLEY WIDMER

Mr. Widmer, a literary scholar and social critic who teaches at San Diego State College, is working on a book on anarchism.

There's a lot of anarchism around these days. The increasing number of essays and books in its defense provide only the rocky markers of a much larger libertarian field. Indeed, some of the main developments of contemporary anarchism avoid the very name. But how else could one appropriately describe our insistent movements for decentralization and "community control" and "local democracy"? And the current efforts at literally thousands of dissident communes, underground collectives, and other radical voluntary associations? (These are what anarchists used to call "affinity groups.") And the hundreds of "free schools" and the many other would-be revolutionary "alternative life-style" institutions? Like many of the "direct action," and "spontaneous confrontation," and leaderless "resistance" tactics, these aspects of our dissent are related directly, though not often consciously, to historic radical libertarianism. As George Woodcock, one of the more detached and conservative historians of earlier anarchism, recently put it in *Anarchy* (London): "hundreds of thousands of people accept it [anarchism] today without much knowledge of the historic movement and without any sense of the need to belong to it."

As an avowed doctrine, anarchism still has a bad name, providing an easy curse for stupid politicians. Partly this comes from the fact that anarchism was destroyed as a working-class movement, partly from conservatives and liberals attributing to it the chaos they covertly desire, and partly from its brief deviations, mostly in the late 19th century, into terrorism. On that last: I can find no evidence that our current terrorists claim anarchist principles—naturally not, since systematic coercion is the very thing anarchists most oppose.

Genuine anarchist values lead to a perennial radicalism in most attitudes, and to the appropriate actions, which aim at maximizing individual and communal autonomy. Modern libertarianism usually does not depend on an "exalted faith in the goodness of human nature" but on realistic convictions that authoritarian order is more likely than not to compound whatever evil is around. The usual anarchist methods, such as popular decentralization, or producers'-control syndicalism, or civil resistance to the state, or counter-institutions and libertarian culture, necessarily vary with the times and with changing modes of repression. Yet almost all anarchism would replace politics, meaning elitist authority and coercive power, by libertarian and egalitarian social arrangements. By most usual standards, anarchism equates with anti-politics. It is both the strength and weakness of anarchism that it devalues politics and replaces it with a social revolution.

As Daniel Guérin, the French social historian, implicitly emphasizes in his pleasant, popular little history of European anarchism, its main problem for more than a century has been its suppression by the politics of the rest of the Left, against which it could not adequately defend itself. Much of 19th-century anarchism in Europe centered around the "critique of authoritarian socialism," and consequently became Left-socialism. In the first half of his study, Guérin summarizes its motifs, with the emphasis on Proudhon and Bakunin, and cursory treatment of Kropotkin, Malatesta, Goldman, and others. The bitter organizational and agitational conflicts of libertarian versus authoritarian socialism became, in the 20th century, the bloody destruction of the free and egalitarian alternatives. The libertarian soviets in Soviet Russia, and the rest of radical libertarianism, were violently suppressed by 1921. The great Spanish anarchist movement of Catalonia was, in the Civil War of the 1930s, brutally destroyed by the conservative Marxists as well as by Franco's fascism. Thus anarchism disappeared as a mass working-class movement.

Anarchism's contemporary revival (though Guérin and Chomsky fail to note this) mostly comes from the dissident middle class—intellectuals, students and other marginal groups. Since Guérin oddly dismisses or ignores most of the individualist, utopian, and other non-working-class aspects of anarchism, he misses their important connections with the present. What he does emphasize is the survival of some of anarchism's most innovative ideas, such as some forms of "control from below," institutional "self-management," autonomous "producer units," "communal organization and federation," which have recently shown new fire in Cuba, Yugoslavia and Algeria, as well as intense flickerings elsewhere. And, as the historian observes in a brief postscript, the libertarian radicalism of student protest movements—most emphatically that of Paris in 1968—publicly revived ideas of direct-action and popular-assembly democracy, of producers' communalism and worker and student self-management. Perhaps it is "a revolution which has only begun."

In an introduction for the American edition, Noam Chomsky, the M.I.T. political and linguistic philosopher, repeats Guérin's emphasis. In his usual relentless manner, Chomsky quotes and footnotes his insistence—and overinsistence, I would say—that anarchism is a fusion of humanistic liberalism and Marxian socialism. In the main essay of his *American Power and the New Mandarins* (1969), Chomsky polemicized at length against the distortions of American "liberal scholarship" in the crucial example of its treatment of the Spanish anarchists. His attack against the liberal historians and other social scientists still seems, after examining the counter-arguments, generally valid, as does the broader argument it illustrates about the "elitist bias" of many liberal American academics and their consequent easy subordination to the "counter-revolutionary" activities of the American state. Thus anarchist cases can serve all thoughtful men as superb tests, on intellectuals as well as politicians, as to what sort of acid really comes out of ostensible liberalism. You shall know them by how they respond to the anarchists.

Chomsky has several times declared "that the revival of anarchist thinking in the 'New Left' and the attempts to put it into effect are the most promising development of the past years. . . ." I agree. But where Chomsky's discussions bother

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me is in his narrow insistence on following somewhat doctrinaire European historians and seeing anarchism as purely integral to socialism. This is only partly true for Europe, and much less true for America. He does not recognize that much of what can, and has been, reasonably called anarchism, from William Godwin through Paul Goodman, has been non-Socialist in any usual leftist sense. The anarcho-Marxism of the New Left, now often subordinated to neo-Leninism, linguistically misleads him.

There appears repeatedly in America, in all sorts of odd places, a native libertarianism, a "natural anarchism," which may be one of our finest and most redeeming heritages. We even have a tradition which should probably be called anarcho-rightism. This takes *laissez-faire* economics and open competition seriously—not just as a rhetorical cover for corporate merger with the state—and rigorously holds to liberal notions of the absolute autonomy of the individual. Anarcho-rightism can be related to many avowed 19th-century anarchists, such as Lysander Spooner and Benjamin Tucker, and, I suspect, to a long line of right-wing iconoclasts, such as H. L. Mencken, and to elements in the thought of our contradictory agrarians and Populists. In recent years, the rightist libertarian view has been argued by a former conservative economist, Murray Rothbard, and perhaps most notoriously, by Sen. Barry Goldwater's former speech writer, Karl Hess—remember "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice"? (Representative essays by Rothbard and Hess are available in a new anthology, *American Radical Thought: The Libertarian Tradition*, edited by Henry J. Silverman.)

A young follower of these views, Jerome Tuccille, in *Radical Libertarianism: A Right Wing Alternative*, polemicizes, in a rather bumptiously sloganeering way, for the radicalism of "conservatives [who] actually believed in their stated ideology of limited government and individual freedom." (In an appendix, he gives a rather breathlessly Boy Scoutish account of how a considerable faction of William Buckley's Young Americans for Freedom was split off in 1969 by an Anarcho-libertarian Alliance.) Tuccille argues for many of the contemporary anarchist goals: local control of police, decentralizing education and making it noncompulsory, autonomy for neighborhoods and voluntary associations of all kinds, removal of the state from the area of private morals (including sexual behavior and the use of marijuana), ending the cold-war paranoia and the vast authoritarian governmental powers it has engendered, and drastic limitation of the most obvious forms of state compulsion, from high taxes to conscription.

Tuccille's traditional rightism appears most evident in economics. He holds that there should be totally free, unsubsidized and unregulated capitalism, even in welfare and other essential services. We would have competing fire-fighting companies and—charmingly silly—competition for national defense. (Apparently, General Motors and Standard Oil, say, would competitively field armies—somehow confined to advancing the public good—like company bowling teams.) That shows a mad faith in the harmonious morality of the market place.

Anarcho-rightists, unfortunately, do not recognize that powerful corporations, and many of our other institutions, exist as states-within-the-state, even when not fused, as they are to a great extent by now, with military and other governmental bureaucracies. These theorists, trapped in external metaphors of *the* state, tend to ignore that libertarianism must apply in *all* institutions—"self-management" and "workers' control" and "communal autonomy" in businesses and factories and schools—or else one simply replaces Leviathan with a school of killer whales. Only with more direct democracy in all social relations can there be any reduction of arbitrary and corrupting state "intervention" into individual and communal life.

While much of the anarchism from the Right seems to me more symptomatic than serious, I do not mean to deny its sincerity or genuine awareness of our problems. And it's a pleasure to hear from a rightism which is not merely a cover for snobbery and greed. In *Containment and Change*, Carl Oglesby made a New Left call for the fusion of libertarian Right and Left in America. Unlike Chomsky, he recognizes that real movements for change in the United States, at least, need to break out of leftist clichés, including the 19th-century dogmas about the progressive nature of the working class, and relate themselves to the libertarianism which can in fact be found elsewhere.

Encouraging both Left and Right, anarchism is the current questioning of the legitimacy of the state and other institutions. In the words of Professor Wolff of Columbia University (I quote from an earlier essay in the *Journal of Philosophy*): "The philosophical anarchist is the atheist of politics," undermining "the myth of legitimate authority" with the "hope that in time anarchism, like atheism, will become the accepted conviction of enlightened and rational men." While not all anarchists show this philosopher's 18th-century optimistic bravado, a main function of radicalism has always been the drying up of "superstitious beliefs," including those about the state. To deflate the ideologies about gods and kings, including those modern ones disguised as "majoritarian democrats," has a broad social utility.

Wolff's brief study suffers from his pedantic manners, his submergence in the methodological quibbles and hypothetical little examples which are part of the fearful stylization of current Anglo-American analytic philosophy. It results in thought which is psychologically flat and socially denuded. The book says little about actual states and people, and anarchists (none are cited) get short shrift in this neo-Kantian exercise. Nor are all of Wolff's arguments persuasively presented. For example, it is hardly sufficient to reject the Myth of the Social Contract—one of the main learned arguments for the legitimacy of the state—mostly because it is obviously "mythical." Myths, dialectically as well as historically, can provide conceptual structures from which obligations can be derived, even if unliterary philosophers find them distasteful. The better argument might be that by its nature the technologically powerful modern state necessarily abrogates any social contract. By the very definition of our humanity, we owe resistance to such states, within the limits of personal prudence and communal principle. Men have no moral obligation to pretend to contractual equality with mechanical monsters.

Still, *In Defense of Anarchism* is a suggestive work of a preliminary sort and sometimes aptly raises doubts about the logic of the standard justifications of "majoritarian democracy." As Wolff notes, our accepted theorists not only reinforce a hypocritical oligarchy but, revealingly, reject the obvious enlargements (now technically and socially feasible) of majority democratic processes, such as referendums on issues. Basically, neither individual autonomy, minority roles, nor even consistent preferences (our "compromises" often express no one's real views) have much place within current majoritarianism. The assumptions of majoritarian democracy, and not just their frequent misuse, seem fundamentally dubious, since neither the individual nor the minority significantly "remain free and self-ruled while submitting to the majority." Finally, "rational men of good will" should perceive that in modern conditions "the just state must be consigned to the category of the round square, the married bachelor, and the unsensed sense-datum."

To follow out the anarchist skepticism and recognize the illegitimacy of

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the modern state does not, of course, mean automatic violation of all law and order; that fantasy of many conservatives and liberals mostly expresses their own longings to violate or be violated. Philosophical anarchism merely contends that all laws, orderings and institutional arrangements are revocable moral choices, as principle, prudence, utility and style may dictate. Our pseudo-democracy has no special sanctity. Virtue, practicality and taste might lead a rational and decent man who holds a minority view to prefer a benevolent dictator to majority authoritarianism, the one being as morally nonlegitimate as the other. Differently put, I might find good reasons, ranging from cynicism through saintliness, for not disobeying the United States Government, but the religion of majoritarian democracy cannot reasonably be one of them. My purposes in obeying the laws *as such* cannot be those of freedom, democracy and justice. A wide practical insight may be found here: when the appeal is made to us to obey the laws because "democracy requires it" or "the majority wills it," rather than for specific plausible reasons, someone is pulling a political fraud.

Is there any manner in which "individual autonomy" and "collective pursuits" can be morally reconciled when not "enforced by coercion and the myth of legitimacy"? Wolff briefly notes the possibility, to be further developed in another book, of moving toward a more just society, the more truly democratic communities envisioned in anarchism, and other new institutions that will not depend on political coercion. They would require a very different order, including drastic economic decentralization. Doesn't this presuppose less efficiency, affluence and power? Quite probably, but such a choice crucially distinguishes the libertarian from the authoritarian. Let most of the rationalizers of the present system at least admit the choice they have made —efficiency and wealth and power, not freedom and equality and community. Further, those American "liberals" who now glibly legitimatize our state are partly responsible for the crimes committed in the name of "silent majorities."

Refusals of, and rebellions against, the modern state are usually morally legitimate, though not always practical or desirable. Whether by way of traditional European Left-libertarianism, native American individualistic rightism, or philosophical anarchism, we arrive at the necessity for transforming our institutions. Why are we anarchists now almost in fashion in America? Because, in fact, the state's illegitimacy is becoming widely, if fragmentarily, manifest to many. And, because a social revolution, however partial, ambiguous and reversible, now appears all around the mechanical monster. We of course need much more anarchism. □

Conspiracy of the White Rose

STUDENTS AGAINST TYRANNY: The Resistance of the White Rose, Munich, 1942-1943. *By Inge Scholl. Translated by Arthur R. Schultz. Wesleyan University Press. 160 pp. $5.*

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN
Mr. Markmann is a journalist, critic, novelist and translator. His latest book, The Noblest Cry *(St. Martin's Press), is a history of the American Civil Liberties Union.*

The chief figures in this book are the author's sister and brother, Sophie and Hans Scholl, who were decapitated by court order in 1943 while they were students at the University of Munich. Inge Scholl, who was involved with them in one of the very few genuinely anti-Fascist resistance movements in Nazi Germany and who herself served time in a concentration camp, wrote this book in 1947, originally for use in German high schools: it was first published in the Federal Republic in 1952, and has never before been translated. For this edition Frau Aicher-Scholl (as she is now: she is the mother of five children and the principal of a high school in Ulm) has written a 20-page re-evaluation and explanation of the White Rose movement.

Its members were never many, and their deeds were never bloody or even spectacular: merely extremely brave and honorable. The half-dozen or so students in the White Rose movement, like the philosophy and psychology professor, Kurt Huber, who worked and was punished with them, were deeply religious in the purest sense of the word, imbued with a conviction of human dignity and human worth, and repelled by violence even though they could not deny that it might be necessary in their cause. Their own resistance, however, was entirely moral: it consisted in making propaganda and in giving concrete material assistance to victims of National Socialism.

"The political instincts of my brother and sister," Frau Aicher-Scholl points out, "were (and so not wholly unlike the student opposition of today) socially rather than ideologically oriented." In his diary her brother wrote in the autumn of 1942, not long after having engaged in his first overt action, a reproach to the contemporary German intellectuals: "It is the very negation of the intellect that you serve in this desperate hour."

It is important to note that these few young men and women were no late converts who saw the blinding light on the road to Stalingrad. Their revulsion had begun years before; they had seen their father, a former mayor, taken away by the Gestapo because he had not lost his conscience: they had heard that conscience continue to speak after the Gestapo had let him go. Theirs was predominantly a Christian attitude to life, quite opposed to the German attitude (as still taught in the Luftwaffe's officer schools in 1966) that "man has no natural rights but only those rights conferred by God and ratified by the state. . . . Where there is a conflict between the rights conferred by God and those conferred by the state, it is the latter that govern."

The students of the White Rose began their actions at the University of Munich, some of whose students were the intellectual heart of National Socialism at the start, while others sought, only four years ago, to revive it by paintbrush and bludgeon. The Scholls started by very cautiously circulating thoughtful leaflets of a ponderously philosophical cast that must surely have won few converts. As their few months of work (before their arrest) progressed, their touch became more concrete and somewhat more effective—the movement spread to Hamburg. In addition to distributing leaflets, the Scholls went out into the streets at night (probably much assisted by the blackouts) and painted slogans on buildings along the Ludwigstrasse (where their 1966 successors painted opposing slogans and marched to the cadences of *Sieg heil!*), as well as swastikas through which the canceling X was drawn. "Down with Hitler" and "Freedom" were the usual legends used by the 1942-43 painters.

One must remember that all of them had been schooled for years in the Hitler Youth. The oldest of the students was 26 when he was executed; most were in their very early 20s; some were in their middle and late teens. What drew them into the Hitler Youth and kept them there as long as it did is simply but convincingly explained by the author. Not merely the rhetoric and the pressures, "There was something else that drew us with mysterious power and swept us along: the closed ranks of marching youth with banners waving, eyes fixed straight ahead, keeping time to drumbeat

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and song. It is not surprising that all of us, Hans and Sophie and the others, joined the Hitler Youth. We entered into it with body and soul, and we could not understand why our father did not approve." And again: "We sensed that there was a role for us in a historic process, in a movement that was transforming the masses into a *Volk*. We believed that whatever bored us or gave us a feeling of distaste would disappear of itself." What they found, as they grew up, was that they could not accept the teachings of the Hitler Youth, regardless of the cost of refusing. This they never ignored and never dramatized: they did not think of themselves as heroes.

It is difficult for us, however, who can remember that time and who are disturbed by our own time and our own country, not to think of them in those terms. These were the privileged youth of the New Order: they were helped by the state to go to the university, to prepare for professions in which material comfort and social status were assured; the young men, in fact, were furloughed from the army in order to be able to study without distraction. Indeed, the indictments and sentences, which are included *verbatim* in the "Documents" section of the book, make much of these facts—by way of further condemnation.

This is a short book, and it is not well written nor improved by the translation. But for once the reader is quite ready to brush aside these considerations. The importance of the book lies not only in what it has to show us about a phenomenon that was pitifully rare in a country whose worst faults are frighteningly like our own, but in what it has to tell us, mostly by indirection, about our own young people. The book is particularly timely now, when we are told that the American public of all ages is "accepting" the war in Asia as a fact of life, and when the few who still oppose it appear to be fighting a tidal wave with buckets, like the students of the White Rose.

"Theirs," Frau Scholl says of those students of almost thirty years ago, "was the voice of the independent man as the traditions of humanism, the Enlightenment, and early socialism had envisioned him. He was the basis for the envisaged foundation of the republican form of the state—the individual as the autonomous, non-manipulable core of a free society. . . . The defense of common humanity everywhere had to be raised above the interest of the nation." At no time does the author attempt to magnify what they sought to do or what they achieved. She concludes:

"It is rare that a man is prepared to pay with his life for such a minimal achievement as causing cracks in the edifice of the existing order." □

STORM

The green horse of the tree
Bucks in the wind
As lightning hits beyond.
We will ride it out together,
Or together fall.

Lucien Stryk

A Vow of Silence

MONK DAWSON. *By Piers Paul Read. J. B. Lippincott Co. 219 pp. $5.95.*

BURTON BENDOW

Mr. Bendow is the author of a forthcoming book on the postwar Italian cinema, The Revolution Stops for Orangeade (*Grosset & Dunlap*).

We first see Edward Dawson, the hero of this novel, as a pupil in a boarding school that is not only English but Catholic. He goes on, in the first five chapters, to become a Benedictine monk and then a radical priest in a London parish. The first part of the book constitutes an indictment of the Church, which is nothing new; the section is pervaded by the claustrophobia of monastic institutions, which is oppressive. But it is written with compassion for the victims of Catholic indoctrination, and with an indignation that is the more stirring for being limited to a terse account of Dawson's career. His desire to serve mankind, which the Church has instilled but cannot satisfy, is convincing. And his struggles with his conscience and with his superiors are dramatic.

So much so that a good deal of excitement is generated when he finally casts off his clerical robes and embarks on a love affair with a worldling of worldlings. However, the character of this rich, chic young widow consists in the name of her perfume and an itemization of her luxurious accessories. She is meant as an incarnation of frivolity; to prove it she jilts the too earnest hero for a handsome young fool. Her friends are equally colorless illustrations of the vanity of fashionable London. And Dawson, in this spiritual desert, also loses substance, for he loses his vocation. As a lover he is a nonentity. Still pursuing good works as a left-wing journalist, he is a dupe of his capitalist publisher and of the labor leader he supports.

Dawson, in the twittering world, makes only one strikingly characteristic gesture. The gesture is so pat, the setting so theatrical, that no amount of sober description can make it quite suit with the rest of his gray decline. Attending a costume party in rented monk's robes and called upon to celebrate a black mass over the naked body of his mistress, he chokes on the sacred words and vomits over her. No wonder she leaves him soon afterward. And, loathing the world as he does, no wonder he ends by withdrawing into silence and meditation in a Trappist monastery. That grim conclusion has the merit of both condemning the Church for creating spiritual cripples and condemning the world for its spiritual poverty. The two points of view are set forth in a final dialogue between Dawson's mistress and his best friend. She thinks Dawson has gone mad; he sees something more than delusion in the monk's fervent communion with God.

Clearly Piers Paul Read, as well as his hero, is a divided soul. If he abhors the asceticism of the monastery, he is also nauseated by costume parties, which he paints as blasphemous orgies. He rejects almost as if they were heresies the shallow hedonism of fun people, the liberal pseudo-religions that endorse good works on a purely material plane. And his detached tone, as of one describing objects at a remote distance, expresses something akin to revulsion at a godless world or a Jansenist disdain for it. This is not an asset for a novelist, who must have an avid curiosity about the lives of his subjects and be a bit of an adventurer among those who are not of his class or kind. Read, like many Englishmen sent to expensive boarding schools and then to Oxford or Cambridge, seems to have lived most intensely during his school days and found the years thereafter to be an anticlimax. Or perhaps this sort of upbringing simply reinforced a native shrinking from experience. For even the Benedictine teachers in the first part of the book—mean, mundane or inwardly torn, but always possessed of more character than the worldlings of the later chapters—are drawn only in bare outline as illustrations of the evils of a Catholic education. The advantages of that education remain: a hunger for the intensities of the spirit, and a prose that has almost taken the vow of silence and can condense a lifetime of triviality into a few spare words. □

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DANCE/Nancy Goldner

After I have seen a ballet with emotional content, I find myself relating what it was about in an abstract or metaphorical way, because to relate what I actually saw would not account for what I felt. The ballet gives off strong feelings, but the connection between them and the choreography is obscure. Mysteriously, the whole becomes larger than the parts. One is hard put to determine what creates the overall effect because the raw material, the steps, bear no relation to what we experience in our lives. I think of George Balanchine's *Liebeslieder Walzer* and immediately metaphors crowd my mind: nostalgia, the oppressive luxuriousness of dying flowers, a heroic resignation. The ballet is "about" these feelings, but I cannot see them on the stage. I do notice, however, that the dancers' shift of weight, their rise and fall, emphasize the low swing of the waltz, that the bodies are more drawn to the floor than to the air. Maybe that is why *Liebeslieder Walzer* is "that" way. In a work by Martha Graham, the connection between movement and emotional content is clearer. One distills a Graham work by saying that it is about fear, and then returns to the source by saying it contains contractions in the stomach muscles. A critic must find the correct metaphors, but is committed not only to describing what ballets make you feel but why they do.

In a narrative ballet, however, it falls upon the choreographer to make the connection between story and dance, to make the two elements one unit. The fact is that most choreographers fail to do so, so that the critic finds himself forced to distill ideas out of the action. He cannot relate simultaneously what the ballet said and what the dancers did.

The remarkable quality of Eliot Feld's new work, *A Poem Forgotten* (first seen on October 21 during the American Ballet Company's two-week run at the Brooklyn Academy of Music), is that it is so well constructed and so perfectly staged (it has one of the few librettos that are not conceived in literary terms) that it is not only possible but quite natural to say what the ballet is about purely in terms of choreography and staging. It is one of the true dance-dramas that I have seen. The theme grows out of the specific actions. The distillations and metaphors have no existence independent of what really happens. While watching *A Poem Forgotten* I noticed that I was extremely curious as to what would come next, as though I were reading a novel. I was not going to understand the ballet until I saw what the dancers did and where they did it.

Here is what happens. A man is sitting on a bench and a boy is lying on the floor. The boy exercises his thumb. Suddenly he scrambles on all fours and perks his head at the audience like a puppy. Then he shows us his backside. For a moment he is all backside, the way babies look when they are crawling. Now he does try to crawl, making a few ungainly steps and finally sprawling across the floor, a mass of arms and legs. The man, perhaps his father, gets up from the bench and retrieves him. The baby opens his mouth in rage; his whole body is angry. The baby's movements have been adorable and hilarious, but now we understand that he is struggling and that it is hard to be a baby. A mother and girl enter. The mother sits with the father on the bench; below them, on the floor, the infant girl and boy examine their toes. We see the two adults touching each other, talking perhaps, and the two children learning what their bodies look like. Both couples are absorbed, tasting the pleasures of being together. Blackout.

A woman in purple enters. The boy moves her legs into ugly splits and other contorted positions, so that we wonder if her legs will not snap off. It is painful to watch and it is also painful for the woman to endure and the boy to impose on her, for both have their mouths open in a silent scream. Meanwhile, the young girl, the childhood friend, is sitting on the bench on the other side of the stage, swinging her arm slowly in circles, measuring the passing of time, while the boy experiences a woman whose movements are as unnatural as his were clumsy. He

The view from the "other side"

MODERN KOREA

by Kim Byong Sik

Here is the story few Americans know—of the miracle of industrialization in the Socialist North within 15 years after the total havoc wrought by U.S. bombers. A Korean scholar resident in Japan explains the guiding principles and methods that made this possible; reveals what is happening under the ultra-Right regime in the South, and probes the prospects for peaceful unification. He shows the new threat to peace arising from Japan's role as "junior partner" of the United States and the revival of the "Greater Co-prosperity sphere" of the Axis days. Concerned Americans need this book.

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then returns to the bench where the girl is sitting, sprawls to the ground, and manipulates his thumb again. Blackout.

Three boys and the woman enter. They repeat much of the duet of the previous scene, but with three boys pulling at her the dance becomes more frightening. The protagonist stretches in all directions; sometimes he is by himself and sometimes he joins the group. Again, all mouths are open. Again, the girl is sitting on the bench, this time rocking slowly. And again, the boy returns to the bench and sprawls on the floor. Blackout.

The woman in purple and the three boys dance. The protagonist is sitting on the bench with the girl. They rock back and forth in a slow rhythm, quietly. From the back of the stage enter the man and woman, the parents from the first scene. Their arms are interlocked. The curtain now falls.

This is at once the scenario and the action. To draw conclusions would be merely an embellishment. Suffice it to say that *A Poem Forgotten* leaves a satisfying aftertaste. Much of the ballet is unpleasant and the beginning is truly funny, deriving its humor from the phenomenon of instant recognition. (Yes, that really is what babies look like.) When the older couple in the background and the young couple in the foreground reflect each other's contentment, as they did in the first scene, the structure becomes cyclical, which in turn becomes a comment on the pattern of life. And when we notice in these moments that the boy's return to the bench is calm, rather than a retreating action, the ballet becomes immensely mellow and golden.

A Poem Forgotten is important for other reasons too. Many of Feld's ballets require a technique and maturity of expression that are at present beyond the abilities of his company. Besides being flawless, the dramatic structure of *A Poem Forgotten* exists apart from the dancers' bodies. While the story is told with subtlety, it does not require subtle movement, the kind that expresses mood. I suspect that Feld was able to tell his dancers exactly what to do, and they could respond. In some of his ballets he could only say, "Look beautiful—be more romantic," and the rest would be in the steps. Most of his people as yet cannot exploit those steps fully. *A Poem Forgotten* was well performed by all, but I must mention Daniel Levins, the protagonist. His grasp of babyhood was uncanny, and his realization of adolescence was accurate and powerfully expressed.

The ballet also introduces Feld as a storyteller. All of his other ballets have been expressive, musical; and the best of them—*At Midnight, Intermezzo* and *Early Songs*—are magical in their beauty. This new ballet reveals the same intelligence used to different ends. It is exciting to discover Feld as he discovers himself. The elation that comes from the knowledge of something wonderful and important being born is rare, but I felt it on the night that I saw *A Poem Forgotten*. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The Rothschilds have had an interesting history. (One of them, a Socialist Lord, has recently been appointed to a prominent position in Edward Heath's government.) *The Rothschilds*, with music by Jerry Block, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, book by Sherman Yellen, tells the famous family's story from its beginnings in Frankfurt in 1772 to the time, shortly after the battle of Waterloo (the turning point in the clan's fortune), when one of the five boys was named a Baron.

It is something more than an individual rags-to-riches tale. Mayer Rothschild, father of the five Frankfurters (a play by that name was produced in New York in 1913), not only succeeded in rising above the ghetto degradation which the principality of Hesse imposed on the Jews in the 18th century but taught his sons the value of tradition, brotherly loyalty and benevolence. Astuteness in business, ambition and personal uprightness rendered the Rothschilds a force throughout Europe. They were good as well as smart people. Among latter-day Rothschilds, one in my student days was a doctor and a playwright who built the sumptuous Théâtre de Paris; his son translates Christopher Fry's plays into French. Etc., etc.

The Rothschilds (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre) is a neat musical. It is well cast: Hal Linden is especially likable as Mayer and Jill Clayburgh as Hannah Cohen, the English girl who married Nathan Rothschild, has an unusually nice personality. The show is tastefully directed by Michael Kidd. The music is not bad, the lyrics agreeable, the dialogue pleasant, the settings and costumes by John Bury handsome. Yet the evening never mounts to a boil of pleasure. This is not because the "book" is so persistently a success story but because it is so schematic. It is more documentary than drama.

In *Story Theatre* (at the Ambassador), Paul Sills has adapted and directed such well-known fables by the brothers Grimm as "The Bremen Town Musicians," "Henny Penny," "The Fisherman and His Wife" into a charmingly lighthearted entertainment.

The eight members of the company narrate, illustrate, mime, dance the stories. The text is in a colloquial Americanese which gives the impression of having been improvised at rehearsals: it has an easygoing air. The players use their bodies with nonchalant freedom, and one of them, Paul Sand, has a notable gift for clowning. The group as a whole possesses a youthful freshness.

What is remarkable about Paul Sills as the company's leader is that, employing some of the techniques now associated with the "new theatre," he has reduced them to the innocent A B Cs of play acting. Ordinarily, the frisking about in apparent fun and games as, for example, in André Gregory's *Alice in Wonderland*, is carried out with a certain ferocity, reminiscent of Grotowski, but Paul Sills's spirit is gentle and childlike. Contemporary audiences, surfeited perhaps with the hostile brutality which surrounds it (not least in the more strenuous projects of the adolescent *avant-garde*), respond gratefully to the amiable relaxation and benign simplicity in the vignettes of *Story Theatre*.

For my disposition, apart from the folksy shrewdness underlying Grimms's tales, the show is a bit too simple, too sweet. Then too I had looked forward to a bit more virtuosity in physical action, invention in imagery, and brilliance than is offered in these first steps that *Story Theatre* has taken.

But don't let me put you off: *Story Theatre* is a darling show. I have been "spoiled" by seeing the perfection of kindred forms in Prague and in the Moscow of Meyerhold, where years of careful and arduous training, not to speak of directorial genius, have enabled several companies to rise to the peak of excellence. In this realm—outside the dance—we in America are beginners. Paul Sills is among the best.

For the past fifteen years the English theatre has been doing penance for its prior neglect of the proletariat. Before that, plays situated in London nearly always took place in the "drawing room." Plays with rural locales were sugary comedies. With Wesker and others the working class and the small towns found their stage spokesmen.

The Royal Court dramatists (most of their works were first produced at that subsidized theatre) have advanced to ever more astringent depictions of England's "lower" classes. For example, David Storey's *The Contractor*, a recent success in England, is almost rigidly

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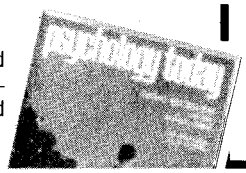

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severe. Most savage of all is 35-year-old Edward Bond whose first play, *Saved,* originally produced at the Royal Court in 1965 and then banned by the Lord Chancellor (at the time, England's censor) is now being played, under Alan Schneider's direction, at the Chelsea Theatre Center of Brooklyn, a meritorious producing unit in its sixth season.

The shocking scene in *Saved* which led to its banishment is one in which some ruffians in "playful" and gratuitous viciousness stone to death an infant in its perambulator. I had supposed on hearing about this that the scene was the play's climax, but such is not the case. It is not even the most bruising or significant element in the proceedings.

A rather mild, simple-minded young man, Len, picks up a girl called Pam, who is not exactly a tart but one who lives with her penurious parents and out of slum sensuality and a need for extra shillings takes him to the family flat for lovemaking. Her father appears for a moment, but no matter: he seems not to mind what he knows his daughter and her visitor are about to do. Nor is the girl troubled by her dad's intrusion.

Pam becomes pregnant, but it is Fred's baby, not Len's. Len and Pam went rowing one day and Fred happened to be in charge of the boats. Len has settled down in the household with her mother and father, Harry and Mary. Len knows that Pam's baby is not his. (In these quarters everyone is aware of and sometimes watches the fornications of the others.) Pam now puts up with Len with increasing difficulty, but he is a softie and has a paternal feeling for her child and a hangdog attachment to the girl herself.

Fred is anxious to rid himself of Pam and her wildly insistent passion for him. Seeking Fred in a park, Pam leaves the child in its carriage for a moment, at which time Fred and his pals kill it. Len has witnessed this from a distance, but has not intervened. Then after Fred has returned from what appears to have been a short prison sentence, we see Pam still pursuing him to no avail, while Len patiently bears the brunt of her hysterical nagging.

Pam's mother (who has also gone to bed with Fred) tries unsuccessfully to seduce Len, and takes out her spite on her husband. When Len finally decides to leave the mess, Pam's father, who harbors some affection for his fellow victim, suggests that there is after all no better place for him to go and that therefore he had better stay on. Len does so. He accommodates himself to the mire. It seems to be these people's natural habitat; they are somehow comforted by it.

The play sprawls. For a rather harrowing while I wondered where it was headed. Its monotony in squalor would become unbearable were it not for its flashes of bitter humor and the pathetically comic characterizations of Pam's parents. (In one of the most telling lines, Harry, responding to Len's query about the old man's experience in the war, says that he appreciated its "peace and quiet.") The dialogue has absolute authenticity; Bond knows whereof he writes.

If I were English, I might hail the ruthless naturalism of this play. I do not mean that its equivalent in ugliness does not exist with us. In fact, the play might be considered cautionary in the sense that many of us find ourselves "safe" in what objectively are horribly unsavory states of being. What I feel is that we have passed the need for this sort of realism and that for all Bond's unquestionable talent, his play commands more respectful assent than artistic enthusiasm. What it says is true and that's its trouble. As a character in one of Saroyan's plays phrases it, "I *know* the truth; I want something better."

The Brooklyn production doesn't obscure the text, though the scenes with the toughs are crudely done. The best performances are those of Margaret Braidwood as Mary and Donald Ewer as Harry.

A good cast acts *Sunday Dinner* at the American Place Theatre in Saint Clement's Church on West 46th Street. I was especially impressed by Lois Smith as a panicky sister and Martin Shakar as her feeble-minded brother.

The play is by the generally esteemed novelist and short-story writer, Joyce Carol Oates. She writes with distinction and "temperament," though as yet with an openness of declaration that is not altogether suited to the stage. *Sunday Dinner,* her first play to be given public presentation, failed to please me on two counts: it is a symbolic statement that doesn't really convince in its own specific terms, and it says something which has by now become banal and which in any case I can't accept.

A family, ingrown after its abandonment by the father and the death of an adored mother, goes to her grave every Sunday in a bedraggled cemetery. When they return to the murk of their apartment they sit down to a ritual dinner. They despise one another; each feels he was the most beloved of their mother. They each have a "secret," a sin which they refuse to disclose.

The meal is interrupted by the arrival of a census taker, a blind man in rags. His questions are fantastic and are as oddly answered. He then tells of his unimaginably tortured past and his discovery that we are all part of one another and that all of us are equally guilty. Then one by one the members of the family confess their own sins, each vying with the others to prove himself most culpable. They take pride in their sins, none of which is particularly heinous. Then the youngest of the family, so that he may have *his* sin too—for nothing has ever happened to him—tears the blind man's eyes out. Somehow he had expected to be changed by this, to achieve a new face and higher status in the family. But he finds to his dismay that he is not altered. Sin, you see, does not fundamentally change us, since we are all guilty from the outset.

I have only to add that if everyone is guilty, no one is. And if that is so, there is no point to the concept of guilt and sin is also without meaning. There is something so desolatedly passive and supine in this that it makes its statement hardly worth uttering. Such wisdom leaves us nowhere. We are after all in the world.

The American Place Theatre is devoted to the work of new writers. Therefore *Sunday Dinner,* ably directed by Curt Dempster and atmospherically designed by Kert Lundell, merited a hearing by this organization. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Whether to subvert American society or to reform the College Art Association is the problem facing the New Art Association. The choice is between revolution without implementation and specific professional revisions. The NAA is something like the Art Workers' Coalition (*The Nation,* October 19), but composed of art teachers and art historians instead of artists. The NAA was started at the annual conference last year of the College Art Association, a professional organization of art historians and teachers, though without certification requirements (like the Modern Language Association). A group of younger members discomforted by anomolies in the knowledge industry, got together in an open meeting. Then, in the spring, they attacked the Frick Symposium in a gesture that can be taken as equivalent to the AWC's declaration of militancy through its attack on the Museum of Modern Art.

Every year at the Frick Museum, a bunch of the more blessed graduate students present papers, usually exercises in the established procedures of "attribu-

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Poems by Thomas McGrath

BEYOND THE RED RIVER

The birds have carried summer to the south,
And the flower-money is drying in the banks of bent grass
Which the bumble bee has abandoned. We wait for a winter lion,
Body of ice-crystals and sombrero of dead leaves.

A month ago, from the salt engines of the sea,
A machinery of early storms rolled toward the holiday houses
Where summer still dozed in the pool-side chairs, sipping
An aging whisky of distances and departures.

Now the long freight of autumn goes smoking out of the land.
My possibles are all packed up, but still I do not leave.
I am happy enough here, where Dakota drifts wild in the universe,
Where the prairie is starting to shake in the surf of the winter dark.

ROUTE SONG AND EPITAPH

Living on catastrophe, eating the pure light,
What have we come to but the mother dark?
Over our heads, obscurely, the stars work
Heedless. They did not invent the night.

THE ROSE OF BANKRUPTCY

Toward autumn they would be leaving—
The weather dead calm, as after the assumption of frost,
And at night the strawstacks burning, red eyes tuned to the stars . . .

——known all summer, and gone away in a night!

Leaving
uninterrupted absence
an empty house . . .
Gone
in the brass-faced rattling Ford car,
With a double-barreled shotgun, an ax and a black kettle,
Driving away 'to go through bankruptcy'—
"Goin' to live off prairie chicken and the last of the green corn."

A SOUND OF ONE HAND (3 poems)

1.

Forlorn crows
In the rotting February snow
Franz Josef Land
I remember
The polar rectitudes.

2.

After moondown
I hear the hot-month corn stretching
its joints.
A distant coyote.
This growing peace.

3.

The leaves are burnt by the frost.
In still autumn the cry of wild geese
Freezes the moonlight

A friend calls, saying:
"I have a new poem."

AFTER I'M GONE (DA DA DA DA DA)

I know just how it will be: in the poorest part of the city,
Some rainy November after a dry summer: cold:
Birds shivering in the gray weather and sleet;
Bums wearing the organized wounds of newspapers;

—and see her come along there, my darling, my bright one,
(Years after I was buried broke in Arlington)
Wearing a nurse's uniform stained with blood,
Muttering to herself, ugly, and inconsolable.

And she is going home into the 21st century
(Which never felt my foot) to the elementary castle,
To a little cheap wine, to the usual lies and elections:
Who was young; who was beautiful; who struggled;
who ought to have changed the world.

But it didn't change. The working-class will still be busy
At its ritual suicide.
Then, why, in this freezing rain,
Do we stand here at this wall, writing the rebel names
Under the clubs?
and her, later: old, cold and alone . . .

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tion, redefinitions of style [and], the deciphering of iconography," to quote an NAA newsletter. The narrow definition of culture implicit in such work leads to the neglect of "social, political and psychological contexts." The NAA has demanded the formulation of a broader-based study of "visual culture" than art historical expertise allows. An example, mine not theirs, would be the vivid nonverbal culture that high school students are in possession of before they go to college. Once there, they discover that their peer and mass culture is discontinuous with the curriculum, whereas it would seem logical for Art Departments to connect with what the students already have.

The NAA also criticized the tyranny of "a small and influential group of Ph.D.-granting institutions" over both the Frick Symposium and the College Art Association. The settled forms of academic art history, already under pressure from internal speculation and the external crush of mass education, are blamed directly on the unrevised ideas and standards set by the senior officers of the CAA. In addition, there was much criticism of the arbitrary acts of specialization by which a degree is earned and its perpetuation as a specialty forever after.

In one of the newsletters, obtainable from Box 504, Planetarium Station, New York, N.Y. 10024, a communication from the (departing) chairman of the (student) Academic Committee of the Institute of Fine Arts, which co-sponsors the Frick Symposium, agreed with the NAA criticism. And at its first conference less than a year after formation, 100 or so people showed up. The speed with which the NAA was formed and has found support is an indication of how widespread are discontent and reformatory impulses. Edward Fry (Guggenheim Museum), president of the NAA, suggested in his opening remarks that one factor in the present situation was the end of the optimistic and expansionist phase of 1960s taste. The decade was one of exceptional affluence in the art field, with multiplying institutions and high prices for art and for bodies, but this happy phase has ended. At the same time, stimulated by war, race, leadership failure and industrial scandal, the political awareness of artists and teachers, art historians and even art dealers has been renewed.

The conference was held on October 30-November 1, at the State University of New York at Buffalo. On the way in I picked up the usual student literature, this time announcements of a talk, "Forward to Palestine Not Backwards to Settlement," and of a "Demonstration Against the War, Racism, Sexism," with "free buses leaving 11:00 A.M., returning 4:00 P.M." The themes of the latter announcement, but happily not the former, persisted at the conference. The subjects touched on were art history and the market, graduate and undergraduate education, women in teaching, art and art institutions, as well as a planning session for next January's College Art Association conference, the association having bestowed instant recognition on the rebels.

Decentralization, a theme the NAA shares with other protest groups, took the form of a demand for an extension of professional standards. It was put by Stephen Pepper (Johns Hopkins), a founder of the group, in the context of making the NAA a forum for "non-elite groups"; that is, those from state university systems, areas outside the Northeast and teachers of undergraduates. It is true that these groups, at precisely the points in the educational system most vulnerable to the demands of mass education, are underrepresented in the CAA. One reason is the appropriation of both its journals by traditional art historians, though occasional exceptions occur in *The Art Journal*. What is needed is an adequate definition of new forms of generality, and perhaps contributions to that end will emerge from the NAA. The discussion at the conference did not get beyond familiar interdisciplinary hankerings. The availability of sociology, anthropology, linguistics and computer science, as possible models of unifying systems, pervaded the conference, but for the present did not lead to anything. Jack Burnham (Northwestern University) proposed that these disciplines, if used properly, could extinguish the exclusivity and idealism and humanistic art theory in five years, but that seems just an alternative act of exclusion.

The NAA's resistance to the formulas of academic promotion, which certainly has its abuses, had led it to an oversimple view of the work of art. A good deal of the discussion rested on the assumption that the exchange value of a work of art, how much it costs, in some way contaminates its aesthetic status. My own feeling is that art objects have commonality; that is, they can support multiple uses without destructive cross-overs from one to another use.

The ideal of mass education has been more nearly realized in the United States than anywhere and it has raised unanticipated problems. The traditional curriculum is under pressure to accommodate crowds who are more or less alienated from the basic assumptions on which some of the courses rest. Carol Duncan (Sarah Lawrence), a vice president of NAA, referred to "virtually compulsory education" as leading to conformity and imposing the values of one class on all classes (white on black, for instance). The optimism that once assumed that exposure of the maximum number of people to the longest possible education was of itself good seems bitterly remote from experience. What to do about the alienated body of inducted students to whom, according to Pepper, even open admissions may be one more tactic of suppression? There is no question of reducing the input of students; what has to be examined are the subjects of courses and the ways of teaching them to a new public. If discussion centers on that, the NAA will be at the heart of things, and to judge from the first meeting, it will be a major theme. □

PERSONALS

IS THERE A HELL?

"Enjoy now; pay later."
"Enjoy it once; regret it a thousand times."
"Beware. These things come back to haunt you."
Are you familiar with S-I-R?
S-I-R. This is a formula in psychology.
Is hell a place filled with fire? Or, is hell a situation of no definite description that puts you in a state of torment?
S-I-R. Stimulus—Integration—Response.
The foolish glutton tries to acquire as much stimulus as possible, and is short-changed in the matter of response. The wise man takes only his reasonable share of stimulus, but experiences a great amount of response. He may get great amounts of sentimental pleasure from small things.
Is hell a place completely filled with ugliness? Ugliness of no specific type? Just ugliness?
Being a hog has a very poor prognosis. Either you regret that someone else has made himself a bigger hog, or you become aware that hogs are ugly, whether they have four feet or two.

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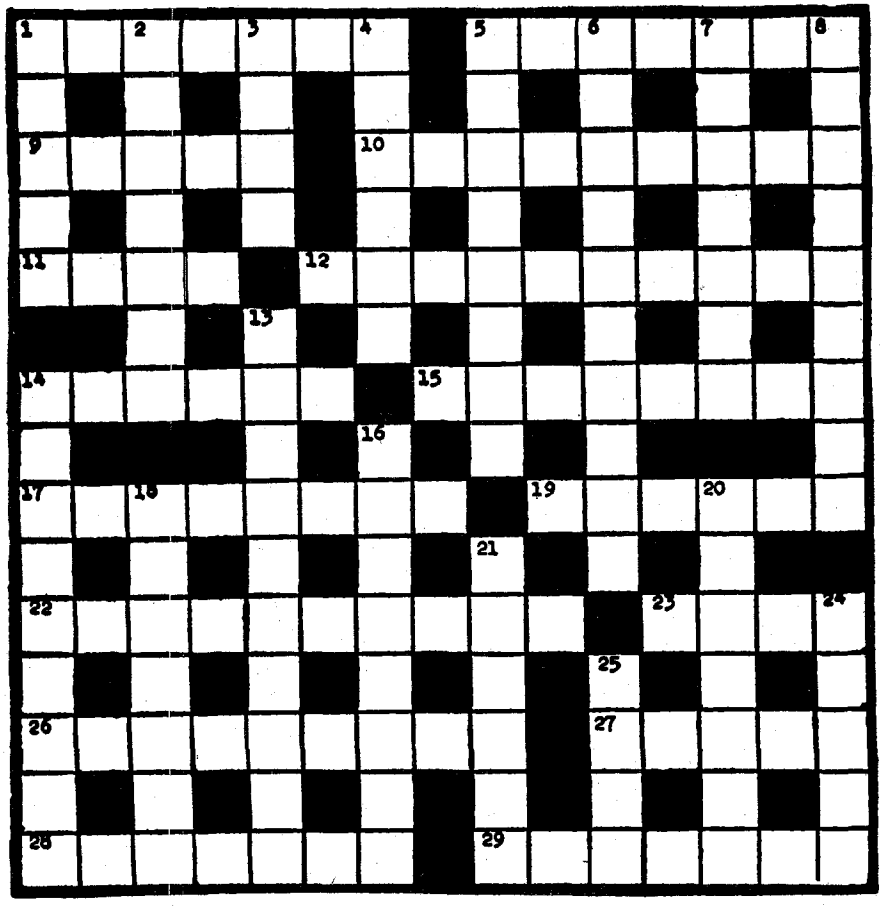

ACROSS

1 Your hat spoken after? Put that in your pipe and smoke it! (7)
5 A young girl backs the favorite, but makes an error. (7)
9 One of the topics of seaside conversation. (5)
10 No real inn could be so obviously not straight. (9)
11 Does it take one to take it? (4)
12 Same clue as 9. (7,3)
14 Otherwise Henry was responsible for 17 with 15. (6)
17 and 15 Two 9's. (8,3,5)
19 Makes a palm greasy? (6)
22 Leaving an orchestra playing, with one sharp? (10)
23 Meat to gripe about? (4)
26 It could be ours, as the writer brings out. (9)
27 Same clue as 12. (5)
28 Yes, kind of temperamental organs! (7)
29 A source of power a Devil's Island prisoner might hope for as a minimum. (3,4)

DOWN

1 The joint might be, with a certain type put away. (5)
2 To be successful right around the pole? (7)
3 Impetuous eruption. (4)
4 One who wants something less short? 5 Mixing up Mandarin fish? (8)
6 Those that wriggle around the sticker might be helpful in running before the wind. (10)
7 He wants badly to be in the Carnival of Animals. (3,4)
8 Outbursts in the form of a spasm about the old theater. (9)
13 Bill or Johnny absent, the principal might. (6,4)
14 They might in the football draft, as one way to carry a person along. (9)
16 The quality of poverty, or just spite? (8)
18 Is such a mild expletive blown up out of all proportion? (7)
20 Quite the opposite of 10. (7)
21 The type that hasn't been licked, when it comes to collection. (6)
24 A mixture of fuels, quite logically! (5)
25 Not too pale to have a fling! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1367

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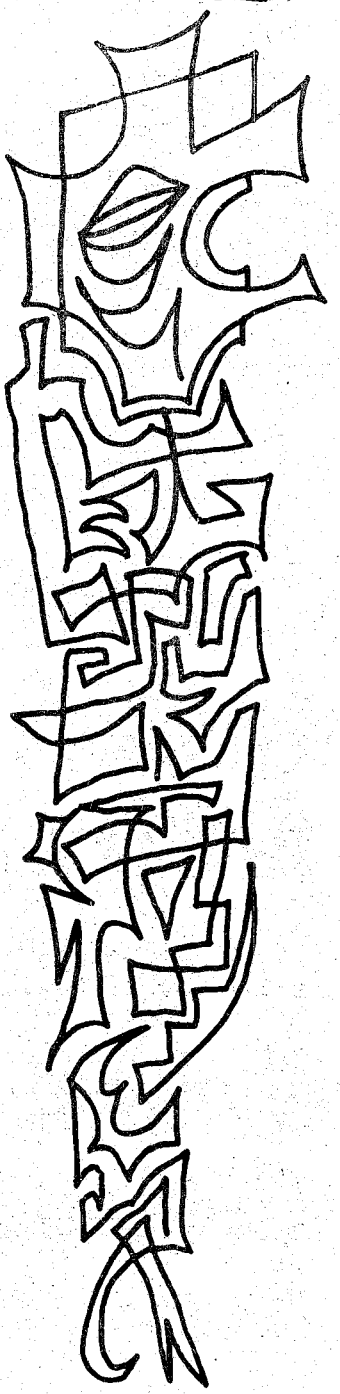

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